

**COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
PREVIEW**

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 28, 1983 \$1.75

No.1
**NORTH
CAROLINA**

**Michael
Jordan**

**Sam
Perkins**





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TRUCK WORLD
HAS JUST
BEEN TURNED
UPSIDE DOWN!

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EVER BUILT.**

LEADING OFF



Splash, splash, SMU and Arkansas cheerleaders were taking a bath at the conclusion of the Mustangs' 17-0 victory, but the antiquated bowl selection system dampened Southern Methodist's spirits.

CONTENTS

NOV. 28, 1983 Volume 58, No. 23

Cover photograph by Lane Stewart

32 **It Rained on SMU's Parade**

The formidable Mustangs shut out Arkansas, only to be shut out themselves by the major bowls for lack of appeal
by Douglas S. Looney

38 **Better Luck Next Time, Celtics**

The Philadelphia 76ers' Andrew Toney shot down Boston and its latest witness for the defense—Dennis Johnson
by Anthony Cotton

40 **Less Pizzazz, but More Pizzas**

Pizzas are wins to Browns Coach Sam Rutigliano, who has learned it's better to pitch shutouts than interceptions
by Paul Zimmerman

48 **College Basketball 1983-84**

The Peach Basket Festival in Springfield, Mass. celebrates the birth of basketball and the start of every new season
by Alexander Wolff

North Carolina's stars, Forward Sam Perkins and Guard Michael Jordan, are the best one-two punch in the game
by Curry Kirkpatrick

SI picks the Top 20, names the other teams that should get NCAA bids and calls Kentucky Wesleyan tops in Division II, Southwestern Oklahoma State No. 1 among NAIA women

106 **The Lige Lord of Noxzema**

Houston's 7-foot cantor, Akseem Olajuwon, has come out of Nigeria to give a brand-new meaning to the term "laze job"
by Curry Kirkpatrick

DEPARTMENTS

27 Scorecard

96 College Football

104 Biathlon

139 For the Record

140 19th Hole

Credits on page 139

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Shopwalk

by FRANK LIOZ

HOW TO SATISFY HIS JIGSAW JUNKIES IS NO PUZZLE TO STEVE RICHARDSON

Year after year in an immense, empty gallery of his pleasure dome, Canada, the aging megalomaniac Charles Foster Kane watches his lonely wife, Susan, piece together enormous jigsaw puzzles. "One thing I've never been able to understand, Susan," says Citizen Kane. "How do you know that you haven't done them before?"

She would know if she had done one of Steve Richardson's handmade, custom-designed tours de force of the jigsaw art. Richardson is the visionary behind Stave Puzzles, which he runs out of a two-story addition to his house in Norwich, Vt. He's a slightly dotty, fiendishly clever former math and computer-science whiz, whose outfit makes the most unobvious jigsaw puzzles in existence.

Richardson, 44, recites a thesaurus of chicanery when discussing how he treats his loyal clientele. "We want to trick, fool, bamboozle and throw them off course," he says. "The thing that keeps us going is the desire to drive people crazy."

Stave puzzles seem to be for people with a lot of money and time on their hands. They start at \$185 for a 135-piece puzzle. He has 300 people on his mailing list, and his regular customers, some of whom buy one a week, include Du Ponts and Mellons. Each puzzle is cut, painted, polished and counted by hand. Richardson uses five-ply wood with quarter-inch-thick mahogany backing. No two puzzles are cut the same way.

For an orienteer, he made a \$1,200, eight-layer, three-dimensional, 800-piece puzzle based on a topographical map of the Quabbin Reservoir area in central Massachusetts. For a San Antonio divorcee awash in oil money, he's cooking up a 50-section, \$70,000 extravaganza that, when she finishes it, will be a 120-square-foot rectangle depicting a photographic collage of Cooper Edens' paintings. Its 52,000 pieces will be the most ever in a jigsaw puzzle.

If Richardson makes a puzzle too easy, he gets mock-angry phone calls and telegrams. So he uses 25 different tricks, many of his own invention, to confound his jigsaw junkies. If this were football,

Richardson would be called for unsportsmanlike conduct. The cardboard jigsaw puzzles you used to put together in summer camp had straight edges and corners, and you could work from the outside in. Richardson often takes away the outside and makes irregular edges, leaving the poor puzzler no clues.

Like a modern novel, many of his puzzles have no beginning or end. He leaves holes in the middle and carves straight-edged pieces in the center of the puzzle. Concealed in Stave puzzles are hidden messages, rebuses, secret logographs and puzzles within puzzles. Perhaps Richardson's darliest trick of all is to throw in extra pieces that don't fit anywhere. And never does he include a picture of the puzzle with the box.

"Richardson has changed all the ground rules," says Richardson, cackling. "There's a certain perverse pleasure my customers get out of the pain of putting the puzzles together. If we can really toy with a customer that way, we love it."

This summer Richardson came out with what he calls his greatest conceptual breakthrough. "I wanted to come up with a real killer, because some of these people were humiliating me," he says. "They know how to gaud me on. If they finish a puzzle too fast, it drives me crazy."

So he designed a puzzle in which one piece will interlock perfectly with two other ones. "It used to be that the challenge was to fit the pieces together," he says. "Now the question is, is it the right fit? Richardson has pulled the rug out."

He punched some numbers into his desk calculator. "Let's see now," he says with devilish delight. "Two times two times two... Hmmm. There are 1,048,576 different roads you can go down, but only one is the correct one. Aha... Aha... Ahahaha!"

Richardson's *pièce de résistance* comes in the shape of a tropical fish of 150 pieces that he calls a piranha. If a customer completes the piranha within 24 hours on the honor system and solves its hidden riddle (Hint: It's written in braille), the successful assembler gets a \$50 silver necklace bearing the company logo, a clown.

Out of the first 25 buyers, at \$295 per puzzle, only five virtuosos have won the prize. The rest were outpuzzled. "Talk about panic building for them!" Richardson exults. "One of my customers told me that when his dog gets rabies, I'm going to be the first one it bites."

END

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Oh those memorable moments!



Christmas is a time to remember those special relatives and friends with whom you shared so many memorable moments.

When it comes to sports, freezing those moments that chill the spine is a skill a science—a frequent occurrence at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. And over the years, SI writers and photographers have caught some real show-stoppers, like

Jerry West launching and swishing a 60 foot shot that put the Lakers into overtime with the Knicks in the 70 Championship Series.

the unbelievable "Immaculate Reception" Franco Harris that beat the Oakland Raiders in their '72 playoff game.

Dodger rookie Bob Welch blazing a 3-2 lead that struck out Reggie Jackson with two men on a 2 out in the ninth inning of game 2 of the '78 World Series.

the uncontrollable elation of the 1980 American Olympic Hockey team after their miracle upset of the Soviets.

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It can be the difference between winning and losing.

It is, in fact, remarkable what the mind can do. In its darkest recesses lies an uncanny ability for pushing the body to staggering levels of performance.

When a marathoner's body says no at 21 miles, it's the mind that gets him to 26.

When a player needs a perfect ace for match point, the mind can beam a tennis ball into its target with the accuracy of a cruise missile.

Increasingly, the ability to win or lose lies not merely in the ability to use one's body, but in the ability to use one's head.

Not only in the way you play. But in what you play *in* as well.

What you need is footwear that is well thought out. An intelligent synthesis of design and execution.

Such a shoe is Foot-Joy. It is no small coincidence, for example, that our Pacifica tennis shoe exposes a dimension of comfort and support previously unknown to the game.

A dual density sole is largely responsible. A bottom layer of tougher polyurethane for durability, and an inner, much softer layer capable of soaking up inordinate amounts of shock.

Racquetball, unlike tennis, is a game of sudden and violent movement. Forward. Back. Side to side. Clearly, it does not take a degree in motion dynamics to see that support is paramount in a shoe.

In the Tuffis 3Q, a new three-quarter height sur-rounds the ankle at the most critical points for a level of support that approaches perfection.

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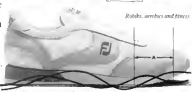
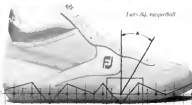
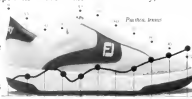
And though aerobic workouts may not be exactly competitive, there is no less a need for a thoughtfully designed shoe.

What this translates to is a shoe with the lightness, comfort and fit of Robiks. It would be difficult to conceive of any aerobic shoe that is further forward on the leading edge of footwear technology.

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All of which leads us to a rather obvious corollary: the performance you get out of a shoe is not all in your head.

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SHOES FOR ATHLETES WHO THINK.

On The Scene

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

OUTDOORS OR IN, TOP TURKEY CALLER BEN LEE SPEAKS IN A FOWL LANGUAGE

You ever hear early in the mornin' a call so fine it had no yeppin' to it at all? You know, that very first thing the old turkey hen says settin' up in the tree mornin' time? Well, listen here," Ben Rogers Lee, sitting in a diner booth at 4:30 a.m. across from his hunting buddy, Paul Butski, places a newly devised turkey caller in the middle of his tongue. "I ain't hit it every time now," he says, positioning the call—the size and shape of half a Ritz cracker—up on the roof of his mouth. "I think I got something here. Paul. Wait till you hear how raspy it is."

Even when the waitress at the Truck Stop of America in Hornell, N.Y., places a cup of coffee in front of Ben, who is the Babe Ruth of turkey calling, five times a world champion, he doesn't flinch. He stares straight ahead, every muscle in his formidable 210-pound body as still as the packet of Sweet 'n Low trapped between his right thumb and forefinger. "C-rr."

"C-rr-i." Somewhere underneath the camouflage cap with LEE TURKEY CALLS, COFFEEVILLE, ALABAMA on it, an old turkey hen is roosting out on a limb in Ben's mind, stirring into consciousness. "C-rr. C-rr-i." Barely audible, plaintively sweet, it could be the sound of daylight pawing on the hen's eyelid. "C-rr." If the side of Ben's mouth wasn't open, a person might think the sound was coming out of his ears.

"Ain't that the damnestest sound you ever heard?" says Lee, removing the turkey call and reaching for a fork.

Half an hour later, they're driving down a bumpy dirt road deep in the woods of western New York. They've been touring the Northeast, speaking on talk shows and at sportsmen's conventions. Ben sits back, arms folded over his sizable stomach (smaller since he's had it stapled; he used to weigh 400 pounds), grin neatly tucked away above his double chin, comfortably at home in the bucking of the car as

it jounces along. The soothing turkey yelps that pitter out of the side of his mouth sound like those of a bird in a good mood, murmuring out loud, pleased to discover itself knee-deep in beech mash and berries. "P-rr-rr. Purr-purr-purr. P-rr-rrr."

Lee, known to folks as Ben, or Roger or Ben Lee, and known to gobblers from Mexico to Maine as a sultry turkey hen with an irresistibly seductive cackle, is knee-deep in good fortune of his own making. A former janitor, he has built up his own business, Ben Lee Turkey Calls, into the third-largest manufacturer of turkey calls in the country, and he has built up a reputation as a fine caller and raconteur. Ben has discovered that in the world of turkey calling, he's as appealing to people as he is to turkeys, as adept with humor as he is with raspiness. He has recently turned himself into something of a commodity, hiring a p.r. firm to book his speaking engagements.

These days Lee is pleased to find himself just about anywhere—selling funny country stories on the Mike Douglas Show, telling funny country stories to turkeys in the woods, addressing a high school graduating class, thrashing his

way through the woods, talking to folks at a bow-and-arrow conference, flitting swiftly through the woods, endorsing a Crossman tree stand, lying flat on his back in the woods, making a wildlife conservation and hunting safety movie, chasing armadillos in the woods, judging a calling contest, riding his son's dirt bike through the woods, eating fried turkey at home, plain sittin' in the woods or experimenting with a bassoon reed in his Coffeeville shop.

"You know what kind of reed this is?" Lee asks. He's sitting at his desk in the office off the main room of his shop. "I went into a music shop one day and I said I need some reeds, and he give me this. Listen. I think I may have somethin'. If you keep your teeth right up here," he says, biting gently halfway up the reed and producing a sound that may approximate a word in a turkey's vocabulary—and then again may not. "You're always lookin' for the little unique sounds. Sometimes it takes me a year workin' on a call to get it where I really want it."

Twelve women work full time nine months a year making by hand all the different kinds of mouth calls Lee sells—the old hen, young hen, ribbed pro, double pro, double mouth call, maxi-light old hen, maxi-light young hen and three-reed. The calls are made by folding over and taping small, flat aluminum rings that entrap a little piece of rubber, which is the reed. A call can have one, two or three reeds to it, each one adding slightly more bass. Lee has found that for his purposes the best rubber is that of an unlubricated prophylactic. He pays \$500 for 50 pounds, and the women cut them into pieces with scissors.

"We're the only company that does every bit of it by hand, from cutting the rubber to punching out the metal," says Lee. "Everything here I designed; some of it ain't good and some of it is. The only modern thing I've put in here is the packaging machine."

Indeed, the packaging machine doesn't seem to fit with the rest of the shop's contents, a glistering steed in a stable of draft horses. Otherwise, the place is filled with hunting-related things and an odd assortment of machines that includes an old printing press. An ancient soda ma-



To a lonesome turkey, Lee's call is a seductive voice in the wild.

continued

MICHELOB



Some things speak for themselves



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This robust V-8 engine is testimony to how far Mercedes-Benz has advanced performance-engine technology since the age of the cast-iron behemoths.

A LIGHTWEIGHT V-8

For example, the block itself is one of numerous engine components fabricated in *aluminum alloy*—making this V-8 as notable for the weight it saves as for the power it generates.

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passenger cars. In the 380SE, fuel is metered to the cylinders by a sophisticated third-generation C.I.S. continuous injection system.

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The 380SE's performance is maximized by its extremely low wind resistance. (Why battle the wind, when you can outwit it?) Its 0.37 aerodynamic Cd comes within a whisker of the most hallyhooded aerodynamic sensations of the day.

RESPONSIBLE ROADHOLDING

The 380SE's forged light-alloy wheels are the most visible elements of a suspension system set up for determined driving.

Mercedes-Benz believes that a performance automobile that was all speed and no handling would be an act of engineering irresponsibility. Thus, you may be as taken with the 380SE's roadholding as with its power.

You may be equally taken by its steering precision. A power-assisted recirculating-ball steering system lets you guide this substantial machine with pinpoint accuracy. No luxury-car sponginess.



And four-wheel disc brakes, this is one performance sedan meant to go, to handle, and to stop.

Automobiles built to move this well should also be built to stop with equal responsiveness. The 380SE is engineered to stop with the power of four disc brakes. Total swept brake area: 456 square inches.

CRAFTSMANSHIP LIVES

The cabin accommodates five persons within 93.6 cubic feet

of volume. Their comfort is further enhanced by an array of electric, electronic and other amenities. Especially ingenious are the 10-way electric adjustment controls for each front seat—activated by a tiny facsimile of a seat.

The 380SE confirms, among other truths, that patiently crafted automobiles are

still being produced in the 1980s. It is an example of consummate workmanship—from the precise fit of every panel to its hand-finished Zebrano wood interior trim.

Mercedes-Benz wants your 380SE to be as pleasurable to own as it is to drive. One proof of this is a new 48-month or 50,000-mile limited warranty*.

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Mercedes-Benz automobiles have been shown, year after year after year, to retain a high percentage of their original value. This performance can be as reassuring, in its way, as the 380SE's over-the-road performance.

The ultimate 380SE accolade may have been voiced by the Editor of *Car and Driver*, in a recent survey of America's most desirable automobiles: "There is nothing like a big Mercedes V-8. Nothing. It is a car that is simultaneously fun to drive, strong as a D-8 Cat, and luxurious enough for all but the irresponsibly sybaritic."



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DISTANCE!

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and deer that roam regularly through the streets and into everybody's backyard. The town has no ball field, no stop sign, no local policeman and no crime.

Ben Lee and his wife, Patsy, who teaches Sunday school and helps with the business, live in a new brick house they built just outside town. "Hurricane Freddie came through here September of 1979," says Lee. "We were in our double-wide house trailer, and when the eye of the storm got over Mobile, I said to my wife, 'Patsy, this place is gonna blow away, we're leavin'.' Maybe it was animal instinct, but I knew that storm was comin'. Freddie destroyed our home and blowed the windows out of the turkey-call business. Blowed the roof off the concrete, too."

The Lees have two children, Gayle, a local deejay who just graduated from high school, and Roger, 14, who has won awards in turkey calling contests and loves hunting and turkey-trotting around with his father. Whenever Ben slams on the brakes of his pickup truck and leaps out to go chase armadillos, Roger leaps

out behind him. One evening last summer Ben was running through a field of clover near Coffeyville, arms outstretched toward the panicking armadillos, which darted here and there just out of his grasp. Roger spring along behind, whooping and hollering, barefoot in the snake-infested brush.

Lee, who was born in Starkville, Miss.—"Ain't nothin' to it just a place in the road," he says—has been roaming the woods learning the puts, cuts, purrs, cuckles, gobbles, kee-kee run cries and assembly yelps of the turkey for most of his 38 years. "I been makin' callers all my life. When I was six or seven I was gon' turkey huntin' before school. I'd miss a class and bring in a turkey to make up for it. There wasn't any callers back in the '50s and '60s, wasn't any turkeys back then in many states. My father took me huntin'. He used a state-and-corn-cob caller, and he showed me how to make one."

His father was from Biloxi, and his mother was from Georgiana, Ala. "Hank Williams used to go out with my moth-

er's sister," Lee says. "He used to play on my granddaddy's porch and my granddaddy would fiddle with him. My momma can remember Hank comin' there barefoot in overalls, no shirt, when he was 15 years old."

"My father was at Pearl Harbor. He got crippled up by the war, so they sent him to college. I was born on the Mississippi State campus. When I was two we moved to Silas, Alabama, where my daddy taught ag and shop. I remember one time he had some boys making turkey calls, and one of 'em boys swallowed a mouth caller. Doctor told the kid to eat white bread and milk. He swallowed that thing—ooch. I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Ben spent his childhood hunting and fishing in the woods around Silas. When he graduated from high school he married Patsy and they moved to Mobile, where he got a job at Brookley Air Force Base working for 89¢ an hour. In 1966 he took a job as a janitor at the Ciba-Geigy chemical plant 100 miles from Mobile. There he made \$1.21 an hour, and he

continued

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and Patsy moved to nearby Coffeerville. "I loved my job," says Ben. "Everybody in that lab all had doctor's degrees, and I enjoyed sittin' talkin' with them. After I'd clean up, I'd sit and make turkey callers, sell 'em where I could.

"One time I'd just mopped up the place with Lysol. It just didn't smell good to me, you know? So I took some of those pound blocks of wintergreen bathroom deodorant and put one in every air duct in every part of the lab. Well! Bout an hour later buzzers are goin' off, fire alarms are ringin', the emergency truck's comin', and everybody's runnin' around. Nobody's experiment is workin' right. Whoo! Turns out the molecules in that deodorant screwed up the PH in everybody's chemical analysis just enough to ruin all the experiments. I guess I got chewed out bad. I'm talkin' bad bad. But it smelled good for a while in there. I must have put a whole case in the vents. Smelled like you were in the woods."

Ten years ago Ben quit his job at the chemical plant and began making turkey calls full time. At first he made mouth calls and box calls on a little table in the kitchen of his trailer home, selling them for 50¢ each at hardware stores. Then a man in Mississippi named Fred A. Anderson lent Lee enough money so that he could hire three women to work for him. He rented a small space, 10 by 20 feet, in Coffeerville. Ben Lee Turkey Calls was on its way. Lee used his own products to become world champion in 1969, '70, '73, '74 and '77; Alabama State Champion in '74 and '79; Southeastern Champion in '73, '74 and '80; National Champion in '72 and '73; Southern Open Champion in '76; and Champion of Champions in '72, '73 and '74. But what set him apart from other turkey callers, what really made his reputation, was his ability to wax eloquent in the woods in gizzard-to-gizzard conversation.

"Ben has killed more turkeys than anyone I know," says Butski, who recently won \$3,000, the biggest prize money ever in turkey calling, in the Levi Garrett All-American Open. "He knows the woods,

the turkeys, how they react, how to position himself, when to call, when to move. It's a good turkey caller and a good woodsman that makes a good hunter."

There is the applied art of turkey calling, and then there is the fine art of turkey calling. The latter takes place on stage.

"We're callin' judges in competitions," says Billy Macoy, a friend of Lee's, a champion caller and a pawnbroker, with whom someone once tried to hock a live poodle. "Judges are harder to call than that turkey."

"A turkey would never win a turkey callin' contest," says Lee. "They might be a little erratic, might stop in the middle of a call. Like me when I talk—I could hiccup in the middle of a sentence."

"Calling is energy in motion. The rhythm, the timing, the intensity that you have to put into one call is just the same to us as if we were great gymnasts or piano players. A lot of seriousness goes into competition. The mark of a champion is the contestant who'll have his calls wrote up in front of him just like a piece of music. Say he's gonna do nine soft yelps; he'll have each one wrote out."

Because there are no two mouth call devices

alike, a person might go through 20 different ones before he finds the right one (or ones) to use in a competition. The right one conforms perfectly to the roof of the mouth, and the reed (or reeds) vibrate with precisely the right amount of tension. A competitor will put his call in the refrigerator to keep it in tune.

"Nothin' makes us more angry than someone touchin' our calls after we've got them tuned," says Lee. "Really, it's just like a musical instrument. If I'd have spent the same amount of time practicin' the piano as I have practicin' calls, I'd be as good as Liberace."

The applied art of turkey calling takes place in the woods. It requires knowing how to use the calls to attract a turkey, knowing just what to say to what turkey in what tone of voice at what time of day and where. Unlike domesticated turkeys—"Turkeys in barnyards is dumb," says Lee, "they's bad dumb"—the wild



Lee demonstrates his mouth call.

continued

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ON THE SCENE continued

turkey is extremely crafty, capable of running 35 mph and flying 55 mph, and possesses remarkable hearing and eyesight. "The hearing of a turkey is 10 times as good as a man's," says Lee, "and the eyesight is as good as an eagle's. I've cut the pupil out of a turkey's eye, laid it on a dime and looked through it. Made the dime look like a half-dollar."

"You're hunting a turkey," says Botsch, "you're hunting the wildest, the wildest of all game in North America. You don't just stumble onto a flock of wild turkeys."

"When I'm huntin'," says Lee, "I always put myself in the animal's situation. Then I can anticipate what he's gonna do. Like Bear Bryant could always anticipate what the other coach was gonna do; that's what made him win. One thing

chacha that sounds like the squeeches of a water balloon tied to a string and being dragged slowly across a gritty linoleum floor. The cackle sounds like someone grabbed the string and ran as fast as he could with it. It's the best call to use in the spring to attract the attention of a gobbler, although in the springtime a gobbler's attention is easily attracted anyway.

"Springtime is that time of year where everything falls in love," says Lee, his voice falling into a familiar cadence, as if it were climbing onto its favorite ride. "The ol' turkey hen she'll yelp, and the ol' gobbler he'll gobble, and, oh, they're in love. They start the greatest affair in the world. He's up every morning at four o'clock just agobblin', and she's waitin' for it to get daylight. Soon as it gets to



These days there's considerably less of Lee, despite all the championships under his belt.

about me that's uncanny as figurin' out what a turkey's gonna do. I picture myself as the turkey. I think, 'If I was comin' to get that turkey hen, where would I walk?' I close my eyes when I call. I have to, to get it perfected.

"You know the first contest I ever entered, up in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania—had to borrow the money to get there—I did the four required calls. Then for my fifth call I did my favorite, the cackle. Well, I got three zeros. I asked them judges afterward why they give me three zeros 'Ben,' they said, 'we never heard that call before.' Oh, I educated people that day. Taught 'em a call that would make the turkeys run 'em over."

Today the cackle, the call of an aroused turkey hen in the springtime, is a required call in any contest. It's a series of high-pitched frenzied yelps. In general, yelps are just everyday turkey talk.

daylight, they get together, rub up against each other, do all kinds of crazy things.

"After about two weeks of this steady thing, she starts layin' eggs, and pretty soon she's settin' on 'em. Well, that ol' gobbler he can't find her. He'll walk an ol' ridge, an ol' dirt road. He's broken-hearted. He's just lookin' for her everywhere, just agobblin' and agobblin'." Lee gobbles, shaking his head back and forth quickly, loosening his cheeks and letting them flap. "He'll rub against a tree and twist the bark off, run up and down it till it's sick. He wants to see a hen, just see a hen. He'll take to a crow out in the field. Anything out there that's warm and has feathers on it, he wants to get close to it."

If a gobbler is keyed up enough—his head bright red instead of its normal blue and white—he'll respond to the scritch-ing of barbed wire against a fence post or even to the skimming of a car door

continued



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The gobbler isn't the only one who's all worked up. "Most people get so excited, they get to shakin'," says Lee. "A doctor will tell you, if you've got heart problems, don't go turkey huntin'. You build up a tremendous amount of tension situation there an hour, maybe two. You got a weak heart, you don't wanna be there."

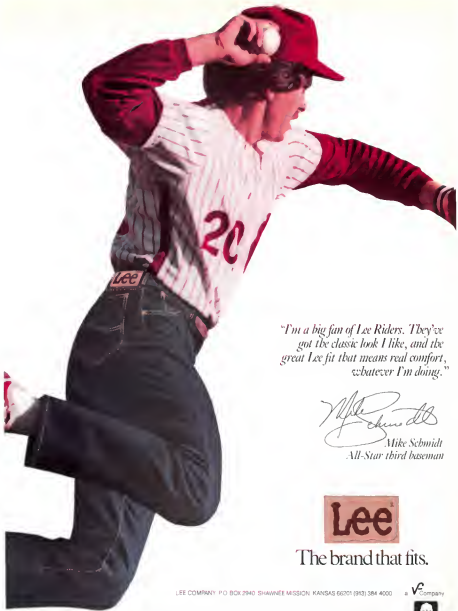
"Callin' up a turkey is like makin' love to a woman; you caress her, you tell her how wonderful she is, and then it's all over. When you shoot that turkey it's one of the greatest releases in the world, just like after a great love affair, I tell people I would blow the breath back into every turkey I ever killed just so I could go through the whole experience again. When you kill one, that affair is over."

In the fall the most effective call is the kee-kee run, the cry of a lost young turkey. It will attract any turkey hen in the neighborhood—it will bring out the maternal instinct in her—and, consequently, any gobbler who happens to be roving nearby. "It's the saddest sound in the world," says Lee, tonguing his meathammer and producing a series of high-pitched, panicky little squeals. He's driving his pickup truck now, on his way home after a ramble down the dirt roads of a forest reserve. Even though it's off-season, he's jumped out of the truck several times to try, without any luck, to call up a turkey. "Ooh, that kee-kee run'll break yer heart! Sounds like a baby cryin'," he says. His eyebrows arch as if he were listening to a sad country song.

It's dusk. The dead rattlesnakes on the road are barely visible, and the air is thick with fireflies. Lee's cup is pulled down low as he croons, modulating up and down with the hum of the motor. His yelps and pips grow more mellow as the darkness gathers. "You know, callin' is just like talkin'," he says suddenly, realizing he's been thinking out loud. "It just comes naturally."

Deep in the woods all the turkeys are roosting up in the trees. There may be one gobbler out there who's having trouble settling down for the night, a gobbler whose red head glows in the darkness. Over and over he hums to himself a particularly bewitching remark he heard that afternoon, not so much a remark as a song, a song so sensitive, so expressive, it could only have come from a turkey hen whose irresistible beauty would be surpassed only by her astonishing passion. He spends the night, eyes open, waiting for daylight.

END



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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A WRITER REFLECTS ON RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN HUNTERS AND THEIR QUARRY

When the rains came at last to the parched, panting African savanna that Franklin Russell was investigating, and he stepped out of his tent to test the "deliciously fresh" air and note the instantly greening earth, he observed, "A cool white wine had gone down the throat of the drought."

When describing the terrifying ubiquity of the tiger while on a hunt in India, alluding to the Englishman who returned to his home one day and found a tiger in his bathtub, Russell sets the scene for an anecdote about his host by placing him in the living room of his Jubbulpore bungalow. He is seated by "the big windows, really French doors, leading out to the verandah," reading Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* while smoking a pipe. A gin and tonic is by his side. And he starts that story with this Spartan sentence: "The tiger came through the French doors at nine o'clock."

You may conclude from just these two examples that Russell is not your everyday "nature writer." Russell has been studying and writing about the natural world for four decades now, his published observations include such celebrated originals as *Watchers at the Pond*, *The Secret Islands and Searchers at the Gulf*. He has pursued his game and his interests to, literally, both poles, around the equator and in dozens of obvious and unlikely places in between. And he has now written a kind of summing-up of one aspect of what he has seen, thought and felt: *The Hunting Animal* (Harper & Row, \$13.95).

Russell has long been moved by the relentless struggle of creatures to stay alive, to kill before being killed, to reproduce. Existence in the natural world is an endless hunt. And in *The Hunting Animal* Russell has distilled and illuminated his judgments and observations by tracking the emperor penguin in Antarctica, the wolf and the lemming in the Arctic and the kangaroo in Australia—though because he is a sensitive and catholic reporter, he cannot and does not fail to see the wine coursing down the

throat of droughts, and other natural wonders.

In a powerful series of chapters, he mingles the strategies of three simultaneous hunts: the physical and psychological assault of a leopard on a troop of baboons, the apparently languid but meticulously devout attack by a cheetah on a herd of herbivores and the unbelievably complex tactics of the raid and rape of a termite tower by army ants. Over many days and nights, Russell watches the unfolding of the leopard's campaign of terror and his uncertainty about his next step, which produces a kind of mass paralysis before the final confrontation with the baboon leader. That meeting, nevertheless, brings a surprise for the reader and the leopard—and, perhaps, the baboon itself. The cheetah's hunt, by contrast, ends in the mute acquiescence to the inevitable, while the fate of the termite horde is merely slaughter and oblivion.

Nearly all of the book's chapters are similar triumphs of observation and writing skill, though with one puzzlement—at least, to me. Russell has chosen to begin the book with an account of the decades-long slaughter that reduced to near extinction the uncounited millions of buffalo in the American West. It is only partly successful, and wholly familiar, and it is no coincidence that this is the one hunt for which Russell has, perforce, relied on the reports of others. My own favorite is the chapter about a hunt for red deer in Russell's native New Zealand, that gloriously different land he understands so well and loves so dearly. He hunts with a memorable companion, Horace Henry Sebastian Rangitikeiaweke . . . "half pakeha, or white man, and half Maori, or Polynesian; a hybrid dynamo." Together they serve as a unique sampling of their country. To the earliest explorers, this was "a paradise of birds, a place that birds had reached but which, apparently, their enemies had not." Long familiarity with the bird life of New Zealand's forests has sharpened Russell's appreciation of it: "Whatever the purpose of bird song, there must have been some profound reason for such symphonic variety in this far land. . . . There must have been an extraordinary purpose in giving every individual tui a different song, as if the wealth of melody created the need for infinite improvisation, in the manner of Handel at the harpsichord or Charlie Parker on the saxophone."

END

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[illegible]

Nostalgia

by PAUL HEMPHILL

THE BEST BASEBALL LESSONS I EVER GOT CAME FROM MY FRIEND TY COBB

Early in June 1952, the summer of my 16th year, my old man drove his truck out to the west side of Birmingham at dawn, hugged me once, slammed the door and left me with my thumb up, holding a cardboard suitcase and shivering in the dew on U.S. Highway 78 west. The adventure had begun. I had maybe 10 bucks in my pocket and 500 miles of hitching ahead of me. I had answered a small ad in *The Sporting News* for the Ozark Baseball Camp near Salem, Mo., and I had sent in the money I had made delivering *The Birmingham News* over the winter and spring. "Professional contracts offered to those showing promise," the ad had said. So here I was. That's all they had to tell me.

I suspect they still have these camps—if there are summer "computer camps," why not baseball camps—but in those days the Ozark Baseball Camp was truly rough and truly a camp. It was run by a crochety old New York Giants bird-dog scout named Carl Bolin, and it was situated in a farming valley adjacent to the Montauk State Park, where rich old boys from St. Louis descended with their fly rods and wading boots and elegant family tents to catch trout and drink bourbon. In the meantime we 80-odd boys of different ages and backgrounds lived in tilting cabins and ate at a mess hall and labored under the Missouri sun in order to learn how to catch and hit and throw baseballs. Bolin was always about, wearing a patched gray Giants uniform, teaching us infielders how to catch the ball on the short hop. Old Elmer Brown, who lived nearby in the town of Salem, showed the pitchers what he had learned pitching for the St. Louis Browns and Brooklyn Dodgers. And Goldie Howard, a hulking preacher with a gold tooth who had enjoyed some prodigious home runs for the Newark

Bears, would entertain us from time to time in the batting cage by hitting balls over the cows and into the trout stream beyond.

But then, in the midst of our reverie, came Ty Cobb. We didn't have to be told about Tyrus Raymond Cobb of Narrows, Ga., because he was in the Hall of Fame and known as maybe the best man who ever wore a baseball uniform. Also the meanest. "Now, boys," Bolin instructed us after supper on the evening of Cobb's arrival, "Mister Cobb is sensitive about

He had a creased face and rheumy eyes and he always wore a bow tie and a white dress shirt rolled up to the elbows and there wasn't very much hair left. After about a week of his sitting there talking about why he held the bat with his hands apart and so forth, one of the kids blurted out, "Mister Cobb, did you really try to spike people?" Cobb's eyes turned fierce. "Damn right I did," he said, and from there on you couldn't shut him up. He named names. He told why. He remembered the precise dates. He made no apologies. He said he would dearly love to do it again. And then, one afternoon at the end of his stay, I caught up with him as we all left the fields for the mess hall. He wore wing tips and khaki britches and an OZARK BASEBALL CAMP T shirt. I told him I could only slide on my left buttock, for some unknown reason, and was there anything he could tell me that might help. "I was the same way, son," he said. "Stand back and I'll show you how I did it." Then that old man—Ty Cobb, maybe the greatest there ever was, 65 years old and still fighting, mean as hell—tore out for third base in his khakis and wing tips and T shirt and showed me how he would slide past the bag and then hook it with his left hand before the third baseman had grasped his seams.

Now it is the autumn of my 47th year. Much has happened since 1952. Cobb is long gone and so is my innocence. But as I sit here at my old manual Royal typewriter, with all sorts of depressing things going on in my life, I look up and see the picture somebody made of me and Mister Cobb together at the Ozark Baseball Camp in that summer of '52. I'm seared and skinny. There are three other kids in the picture, just as seared and skinny, and Cobb is in his bow tie, bat in hand, demonstrating how he held his hands apart. As I recall it, Bolin somehow conned *The Sporting News* into running the picture. I know for a fact that my mams got it planted in our weekly neighborhood paper in Birmingham. And there is a scrap of paper inside the K mart frame holding the picture that says: "To Paul Hemphill, From His Friend, Ty Cobb, 7/15/52."



ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL PEARSON

that. You've probably heard the stories about how he sharpened his spikes in front of the dugout before a game just to scare the other team and how he'd lay down a bunt and run over a pitcher he didn't like. Maybe it's true. Probably is. But don't make him mad by asking him." Cobb was coming for a week as a guest instructor—he was 65 years old then and he would still do anything for a buck—and he wound up spending a second week either because it rained all the time or the whiskey was good or he wanted the money or he simply liked being around us boys.

It could have been the latter. Every evening after supper he would sit on the steps of the veranda of the camp lodge that overlooked the playing fields, a gaggle of sweaty boys at his feet, and ramble.

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THE ONE TO WATCH

A TRADITION WE CAN DO WITHOUT

The photo shown here was taken after Harvard fans tore down the goalposts to celebrate the Crimson's 16-7 victory over Yale at New Haven Saturday in the 100th game between the two schools (page 103). As indicated by the bloodstains on the grass and on the crumpled paper at the right edge of the photo, the celebration had an unhappy ending: A metal section of one of the falling goalposts struck an 18-year-old Harvard freshman, Margaret Cimino, in the head. She was hospitalized and was in critical condition as SI went to press.

The accident in New Haven was the saddest of several incidents involving overexuberant fans on college football's last big Saturday of the season. As the Syracuse Orangemen

headed for a 27-16 win over West Virginia, jubilant fans hurled oranges onto the field in the Carrier Dome, stopping only when the referee warned over the P.A. system that they were risking a 15-yard penalty for their team. During Notre Dame's 23-22 loss to the Air Force in South Bend, fans surged onto the field after two Irish touchdowns, earning 15-yard penalties for the home team on each occasion. Such intrusions have become all too common in college football in recent years.

Throwing objects and encroaching on the field during games are dangerous and disruptive practices that go beyond the realm of harmless collegiate high jinks. They should be expressly forbidden

and punished. The time has also come to demand crackdowns on those who tear down goalposts, a hoary custom that, if it ever had any meaning, has been devalued to the point of absurdity. When Northwestern snapped its NCAA-record 34-game losing streak two years ago, Wildcat rooters tore down the goalposts. They liked it so much that after a win two weeks later, they did it again. Illinois fans demolished goalposts at no fewer than five games this season. At Penn State, the athletic department, tired of replacing posts, offered to donate \$4,500, the cost of new ones, to the student activities fund if fans refrained from tearing down any more this season, and Coach Joe Paterno sweetened the deal by personally pledging \$500 to a scholarship fund for needy students.

After Penn State's 34-30 home-field win over Notre Dame on Nov. 12, students in the stands booed as a group of other students tore down one of the goalposts.

Demolishing goalposts is dangerous as well as expensive, as the serious injuries suffered by Margaret Cimino tragically demonstrated. Harvard's football players were already in the locker room when they heard about what had happened to Cimino, a freestyler on the Crimson women's swim team, and the news cast a pall over the big win over Yale. "They were all excited, pouring champagne on each other, when the word came about Meg," one witness said. "They just sort of stopped their celebration."



ORDER IN THE INTERVIEW AREA

Since becoming the Green Bay Packers' president 18 months ago, Robert J. Parins, a former Brown County Circuit Court judge, has used a court reporter to record all of his interviews with the press. Parins insists that he does so out of simple force of habit, not for fear of being misquoted. "I just feel more comfortable with a record of what I've said," he says. So far, anyway, none of Parins' media interrogators has complained about the court reporter's presence. Jim Cohen, sports editor of *The Milwaukee Journal*,

who recently had a two-hour interview with Parins, said, "I thought it was curious at first. But just as we record others for our protection, he has his own mode of protection. I understand that." Cohen added, with unintentional irony, "I have no objections."

BIGHOUSE'S BIG MILESTONE

When Clarence (Bighouse) Gaines attended his first basketball coaches' clinic, somebody asked him if he was the janitor. The year was 1947, and he was

the only black coach at the clinic. But there's no mistaking the Winston-Salem State coach now. The next time his Rams win a game, very likely in the season opener against Barber-Scotia College on Nov. 25, Gaines, 60, will become only the fifth coach in college basketball history to achieve 700 career wins.

The 6' 4", 295-pound Gaines may be best known as Earl Monroe's college coach, yet he has two more wins than DePaul's more celebrated Ray Meyer, who at 69 has won 697 games and figures to reach the 700 mark hot on Gaines's

continued

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heels Meyer, who's in his 42nd and final season, and Gaines, beginning his 38th, will be the first to make it to 700 since Adolph Rupp and Henry Iba each did so during the '63-64 season (the alltime leader is Rupp, with 875 wins), and it could take a while for anybody else to get that many wins. Only six active coaches besides Gaines and Meyer have as many as 500, the winningest among them being the University of Washington's Marv Harshman, with 596.

Gaines cites present-day competitive pressures and higher coaching turnover rates as deterrents to reaching 700 wins. "Tenure has shortened as the pressures have increased," he says. "If you don't come up with 20-win seasons, they fire you. That's awful rough unless you find a lot of dogs to play."

Gaines wears a size 52 extra-long suit and 14-B shoes, and he says, "I can tell you where every big-man store in the country is." He acquired his nickname as a youth when somebody told him, "I've never seen anything bigger than you but a house." Bighouse's own house is a modest six-room structure, but the Winston-Salem State board of trustees decided in 1975 that the school's new sports facility was grand enough—it has two gyms and a swimming pool—to be named after him. So his Rams play their home games in the C.E. Gaines Athletic Complex.

WRONG LEAGUE, PAL

Taking some pictures of the board chairman and president of United Technologies Corp., the Hartford, Conn. defense contractor, for the firm's annual report, a photographer listened attentively as the men discussed recent successes of the Rangers. "Yeah, they won last night, huh?" the photographer, a New York hockey fan, said, injecting himself into the conversation. A company publicist took him aside and gently set him straight. The two men had been referring to the U.S. Army Rangers in Grenada.

THE NATIONAL LEOTARD LEAGUE?

First there were aerobic exercises. Then there was aerobic dancing. And now, fitness fans, what do you suppose is next? Team aerobics, that's what. Conceived by the Amateur Athletic Union as a means of getting more people into shape, team aerobics is a sporting endeavor organized along the lines of synchronized

swimming. Competition will involve men's, women's and mixed teams representing health clubs, schools, corporations and the like. The initial thinking is that teams will perform five-minute routines consisting of a one-minute warmup, a three-minute dance portion and a one-minute warmdown. According to Margaret Wan Forbes, a synchronized-swimming coach who is helping the AAU organize the new sport, routines will be judged on the basis of "style, intensity, choreography, degree of difficulty and synchronization."

With competition expected to get under way next spring, some details still haven't been worked out. Although at the outset teams will consist of eight members, the organizers are considering eventually holding individual and pairs competitions as well. Another possibility is that the dance portion of each routine will be divided into freestyle and compulsory segments, as in figure skating. In the interest of involving as many participants



as possible, competition will likely be broken down by age groups and skill levels. In header moments the organizers talk about team aerobics someday becoming an Olympic sport. "This could be a colorful addition to the Olympic family," says Bernard L. Gladieux, marketing adviser for the new sport. "I don't think it would require any long gestation period."

Quick, everybody, hide those Jane Fonda videotapes before the Russians and East Germans find them.

ENOUGH ALREADY

Larry O'Brien and David Stern
National Basketball Association
645 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Larry and David,

We weren't sure which of you to address this to, so we're writing you both. We know that you, Larry, have announced your resignation as commissioner, effective Feb. 1, and that the owners last week named you, David, presently the executive vice-president, as his successor. Now we're hoping that together you'll have enough sense to end the current lockout of NBA referees before it does any more harm to the game.

It's done enough already. Why, just in recent days, 1) Don Nelson, the Milwaukee coach, was accused of elbowing one of your replacement refs, 2) Denver Coach Doug Moe threw a cup of water at a ref and 3) Houston Rocket President Ray Paterson vented his displeasure over officiating by all but tearing down the door of the referees' dressing room.

Do you get the impression that the substitute refs aren't getting much respect? They aren't, and their performances also reflect poorly on those responsible for hiring them for jobs they obviously can't handle. Too many games are being made into a mockery, and with the way these guys are losing control of things, somebody may get seriously hurt. Besides, the regular refs deserve more money. The 27 of them combined are pulling down barely 1% of the \$70 million that NBA clubs are lavishing on their players. If the league is trying to draw the line on outlandish salaries, it sure has drawn it in a funny place.

In the fond hope that two heads are better than one, we urge you to blow the whistle on this ridiculous lockout.

Sincerely yours,
Frustrated

THEY SAID IT

• Ted Hendricks, Raider linebacker, explaining his success in avoiding injuries: "I keep my cleats out of the turf, my head on a swivel and stay away from pileups."

• Brian Griese, 8-year-old son of ex-Miami Dolphin Quarterback Bob Griese, before his first youth-league baseball game, when his father asked him if he had butterflies: "No, but there are bullfrogs out there."

END

*"Come to think of it...
I'll spread a little cheer"*





It Rained On SMU's



Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 28, 1983

Parade

The formidable Mustangs shut out Arkansas, only to be snubbed by the major bowls for lack of mass appeal
by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

CONTINUED



A freshman, Atkins is averaging 6.4 yards per carry.

SOUTHERN METHODIST continued

Never in collegiate football history has a team been snubbed as shabbily as Southern Methodist was last Saturday, when this year's bowl invitations were "officially" tendered. SMU isn't disappointed, and SMU isn't hurt. SMU is furious and bitter. And rightfully so.

The 9-1 Mustangs, who beat Arkansas 17-0 Saturday to remain at No. 7 in SI's ranking, could have been invited to any of four major bowls—the Sugar, Orange, Cotton or Fiesta—but, outrageously, they weren't. Truth be told, they weren't even seriously considered. Therefore SMU will play in the Sun Bowl in El Paso on Christmas Eve. With its \$400,000 payout to each team, the Sun ranks near the bottom of the bowl hierarchy, above only the California, which pays \$143,000. In all, nine teams ranked below SMU will

take home more bowl bucks than the Mustangs.

It's not the money that irks the Mustangs, however, it's the principle. No wonder SMU Tight End Rickey Bolden blew up last week when it was clear his team was being passed over by the major bowls. "This team doesn't deserve this," said Bolden. "We're talking about getting seriously shafted."

Why wasn't SMU invited to a big bowl with megabucks? And, conversely, why will Georgia (ranked ninth), Michigan (11th), Ohio State (16th), Pitt (18th) and UCLA (unranked) all be playing on Jan. 2? Is the Mustangs' record deceiving? Are they really not all that good? Consider this: With a record of 30-2-1 over the last three years, SMU is the winningest team in the nation in that span. The two defeats were to Texas—by a total of five points. Consider also that last season the Mustangs beat Pitt in the Cotton Bowl and wound up No. 2 in the final polls. Consider as well that SMU has the best young running tandem in college football and that its defense, ranked second in the country, handed Arkansas its first shutout in 125 games. No, SMU can play and the bowl people know it.



Collins masked his displeasure with the rebuff.



The Mustangs, like a number of other teams, have a different problem.

Howard David, senior vice-president of the Mizlou network, which with ESPN will telecast five bowls, puts it bluntly. SMU lacks "marquee value," says David. One Orange Bowl committee member even speaks of the "SMU syndrome" to describe teams that deserve major bowl bids but get passed over because they lack sufficient national appeal. "Can you name one player on SMU?" says the Orange Bowl man. "What kind of natural following or tradition does SMU have compared with, say, an Oklahoma or an Alabama? No one on the committee would admit it publicly, but the overriding concern when it comes to inviting teams is TV ratings."

In a matter of weeks this fall, Eric Dickerson, the finest rookie runner to enter the NFL since O.J. Simpson, became a full-fledged superstar. But for all that a lot of fans knew of Dickerson's superb SMU career, he



Against Arkansas, Dupard got 175 yards and scored on a 60-yard run.

riciously, but instituted. No more excuses. The fans and the players may just be mad enough and involved enough to make it happen at last. The fans have been restive anyway this season because the Orange Bowl's contract with the Big Eight Conference and the Cotton Bowl's deal with the Southwest Conference prevent No. 1 Nebraska from meeting No. 2 Texas. Any system that keeps the best from meeting indicates the need for a new system.

No wonder that before facing Arkansas SMU Coach Bobby Collins asked in anguish, "Tell me, what have we got to do to get into a big bowl? Tell us and we'll do it. I try to explain it to my players, but it's hard because I don't understand it myself. To think they're going to be denied the chance to play in a major bowl because of politics and pressure from television people."

The heavy hand of TV was es-

pecially visible throughout this year's bowl-selection process. Pitt, for example, has become a reasonably sound team, but what are the Panthers doing in the Fiesta Bowl ahead of 10th-ranked Florida, Iowa (12th) and SMU? "We were just trying to get the best game," says Fiesta Bowl Executive Director Bruce Skinner. Baloney. Pitt is expected to deliver the huge Eastern television market for NBC. And why do you think the Liberty Bowl coveted a Notre Dame-Boston College matchup, even after the Irish had lost their last three games to finish at 6-5?

Is Notre Dame more deserving of a bowl than, say, 8-3 East Carolina, which nussed beating Miami, Florida, and Florida State—all bowl teams—by a total of 13 points? In fact, the Pirates, who are ranked 19th, didn't receive a bid from any of the 16 bowls. Neither did Virginia Tech, which swamped Virginia 48-0 on Saturday to finish at 9-2.

The remedy? A playoff system to determine a national champion. The bowls, of course, are opposed. They say playoffs would make the season too long, that too many classes would be missed, that pro football already has all the best dates, and so on. Don't believe it, Don Ohlmeyer, formerly executive producer of NBC

continued

could as well have come out of Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute. Likewise, how many people are aware that this year Mustang sophomore Reggie Dupard and freshman Jeff Atkins are among the nation's leaders in rushing and that both are averaging better than six yards a carry? In a driving rain on Saturday, Dupard gained 175 yards, including a 60-yard TD run, while Atkins rushed for 91 yards.

Fortunately, some good may come of the Great SMU Snub of 1983. It provides compelling evidence that a college football playoff system to determine a national champion should be instituted. Not discussed, not considered se-



Fred Nichols' interception typified the play of SMU's stingy D.

Sports, now running his own TV production company in New York City, says, "The time is absolutely right for college football to address itself to the public interest, which is playoffs."

Ohlmeyer points out that in 1960 college football was a better attraction than the pros, but now pro football gets around \$400 million a year for television and the college game some \$90 million. "A playoff would generate far more money," says Ohlmeyer. He also believes the colleges were wrong to restrict network TV appearances to six per team every two years "If you give the public what it



Sugar Bowl officials settled on Michigan Quarterback Steve Smith & Co. for Jan. 2.



Though Ohio State lost on Saturday, Fiesta reps were glad to see Woody Hayes (in hat).

wants to see," he says, "it'll watch."

Ohlmeyer maintains that the current TV-bowl arrangement almost guarantees recruiting excesses. "In the pros," he says, "a team gets on television and gets the money whether it wins or loses. In college, a team has to win to get on TV, and it has to win to get in the bowls. If it doesn't, it doesn't get the money."

It would be nice if the NCAA itself would take charge and create a satisfactory playoff system. After all, that organization has done a grand job promoting and marketing its basketball championship. But the NCAA seems to have no stomach for this one, not wanting to offend old bowl friends. So it's up to the fans, the coaches and the players.

A number of prominent coaches have

joined in the cry, including, most recently, Collins and Hayden Fry of Iowa. Fry is ticked off—and appropriately so—that the Fiesta opted for the Michigan-Ohio State loser over his 9-2 Hawkeyes, who beat the Fiesta-bound Buckeyes. "If we're better than the people in the Fiesta Bowl, that's the Fiesta Bowl's problem," says Fry. "One thing that hurt us is that people think of Michigan and Ohio State when they think of the Big Ten. It's going to take us a while to overcome that image of the poor boy on the block." There's that word again: image. Let's tear that page out of the college football talkbook.

Clearly, though, it's primarily image

A Cotton Bowl rep awaited Texas Coach Fred Akers (right) after his team beat Baylor.





Iowa's Fry is firing at the Fiesta Bowl

that's keeping SMU out of the Sugar Bowl, which it obviously deserves more than 9-2 Michigan, and out of the Fiesta, whose contestants, Pitt and 8-3 Ohio State, are inferior to the Mustangs. Even Sun Bowl Executive Director Tom Starr concedes, "Nobody said life was fair." True, but the treatment of SMU is cruel if not unusual, which is why SMU Athletic Director Bob Hitch says, "We need and want and deserve to be in a major bowl." At ABC, Charlie Livery, vice-president for programming, says of the bowl system, "It doesn't work for anybody and what happens are embarrassing match-ups." Even the always circumspect Big Ten commissioner Wayne Duke, refers to the situation as the "bowl jungle."

While conventional wisdom says TV executives tell the bowls who's to play where, that's not 100% true. Ken Schaefer, executive vice-president of NBC Sports, denies meddling but says, "The bowls are solicitous of us. We are their network, and we are part of the family. So we are consulted." In 1977, ABC did increase its rights payment to the Sugar Bowl, which in turn raised its payout to Pitt from \$800,000 to \$900,000, to get the Panthers to New Orleans. A few weeks ago NBC sent a confi-

dential memo to the Orange Bowl instructing the committee to take another hard look at Boston College, with an exciting quarterback in Doug Flutie and a huge potential viewing audience, as an opponent for Nebraska.

Still, such shenanigans aren't the norm, and there's nothing inherently evil in TV shelling out big bucks for the bowls. For example, NBC is paying the Rose \$10.5 million for the rights to this year's game, more than twice last season's fee. That means UCLA and Illinois will each take home \$5,250,000 to divvy up with the other members of their respective conferences. The Orange is getting \$3.4 million from NBC and the Fiesta \$1 million. ABC is spending \$3 million for the Sugar Bowl rights, and CBS is putting with \$3.5 million for the Cotton. So the television people pay their money, sell their commercials, and hope for ratings so they can do it all over again next year. Yet, as we see, while the system does well by the bowls, schools and television, the fans, players and the game itself don't fare so well. Perhaps Mackey Holmes, executive director of the Sugar Bowl, summarizes the situation best. "The best match possible doesn't necessarily mean the highest-ranked teams," he says. So Long Smoo.

The heart of the problem is that the bowls themselves lack integrity. Proof: Bowl reps meet periodically during the season to eat and drink and vow they will abide by the NCAA's prescribed signing date, which this fall occurred last Saturday. But nearly every bowl jumps the gun. Virtually all of this year's pairings were decided six days early.

The lid blew when the Cotton Bowl decided it wanted the Michigan-Ohio State winner. But Michigan mixed the deal because, says Welborne Athletic Director Don Canham, "The Cotton Bowl showed very little interest in us over the years." While 15 bowl scouts were at the Michigan-Purdue game, the Cotton was absent. After being turned down by Michigan, the Cotton Bowl people panicked. At the same time Georgia, which had just lost to Sugar-bound Auburn, was panicking over where it could go. Bingo, two shotgun marriages. Michigan and Auburn in the Sugar and Georgia and Texas in the Cotton. After that, Coach Ray Perkins of Alabama bolted upright and considered the very real possibility his Tide could spend the holidays

at home if he didn't move quickly. With the Sun Bowl panting, Perkins was pliable. So it's a second-rate Alabama team against a first-rate SMU outfit in El Paso. There's the injustice of it all in a nutshell. The Mustangs deserve a place in the sun, not the Sun. Let the playoffs come.

In the SMU dressing room after Saturday's game, everybody put on his party manners. The Sun Bowl reps smiled. Collins smiled—"We're excited about going to the Sun Bowl," he said—and the players hollered and smiled. Said Quarterback Lance McIlhenny, "Aw, we're just happy to go anywhere." Given the bowl mess, what else could he say? **END**



Olinseyer: The time is right for a playoff.

David says SMU lacks "marquee value."



Better Luck The Next Time, Celtics

Philadelphia's Andrew Toney shot down Boston and its latest case for the defense—Dennis Johnson

by ANTHONY COTTON



Toney was in stitches: no laughing matter.

Before last Saturday night's game between the Boston Celtics and his Philadelphia 76ers, Andrew Toney spent some time gazing at a television set in the Sixers' Spectrum locker room. A tape of a recent Celtic game was on the screen, and Toney watched as Celtic Guard Dennis Johnson displayed the kind of prowess that had placed him on the NBA All-Defensive Team the past five seasons. That D had encouraged Boston to trade Forward Rick Robey to the Phoenix Suns in exchange for Johnson in the off-season, a deal made in large part to

stop Toney—a man who has yet to meet a shot he didn't like or couldn't make.

But as Johnson's likeness flickered on the set, Toney was unmoved. "I can't worry about one man," Toney said. "All I can do is go out and play my game. What's gonna go down is gonna go down. And what's gonna go up is gonna go up."

All Toney did was come off the bench to score six points in the final two minutes and propel the Sixers to a 92-91 win in the season's first meeting of the arch-rivals. "Up until then I thought we'd done a good job on him," said Johnson, who got burned at the end. That wasn't good enough for Boston Coach K.C. Jones. "We made a major boo-boo," Jones said. "You don't leave Toney alone in the crucial stages of a game."

Boston has learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to leave Toney alone anytime. Since he came into the NBA from Southwest Louisiana four years ago, the 6' 3", 190-pound guard has almost made a career of destroying the Celtics with a jumper that he launches while thrusting his chest forward, in the manner of Mr. America. His career scoring average is 16.7 points a game, yet against Boston it's 20.3. In the fourth quarter of a Philly-Boston game in March 1982, Toney whipped in 25 points to establish a Sixer record for most points scored in a period. During the playoffs, Toney has always risen to the occasion. In his first postseason game in the Boston Garden, in the 1981 Eastern Conference finals, Toney scored 26 points as Philadelphia won 105-104. Not for nothing did the Hub media nickname him "the Boston Strangler."

Enter the 6' 4", 200-

pound Johnson. "There was a definite need for us to get the sacrificing kind of guard that Toney can't intimidate," says Red Auerbach, Boston's president and general manager. "I don't mean physically—I can't imagine Quinn Buckner being scared of him—but scoring-wise."

"The day I was traded to Boston, one of the first things impressed upon me was the need to stop Andrew Toney," Johnson says. "Everyone acts like we're both gonna be playing against each other for the whole 48 minutes of the game. But one person doesn't really stop anybody." Adds Jones, a peerless defensive guard during his nine seasons as a Celtic. "You have to guard someone like Toney as a team. Anytime you get a great offensive



Although Dennis menaced him to the limit of the law, Andrew won out in the end.

player against a great defensive player, I can tell you who's gonna lose."

The list of Celtics who have failed as Toney defenders includes Nate Archibald, Chris Ford, Terry Duerod, Gerald Henderson, M.L. Carr, Danny Ainge, Charles Bradley and Buckner. "Toney's got so many ways to beat you," says Carr. "From the outside and the inside. He'll drive, he'll pull up. He's strong, he's quick. There's no set way to guard him. It would be easier to play him on a playground."

But it is in that situation that the 76ers have an edge with Toney on their side, especially against a quality team like Boston. "When you have two teams that concentrate so hard on defense, like us

and Boston, the game actually gets down to a one-on-one, playgroundlike situation," says Philadelphia Assistant Coach Jack McMahon.

From the start of Saturday's game, the Sixers either set Toney up underneath the basket, freed him outside with picks or stationed him in a corner beyond the three-point line and let him take the ball to the basket.

Nevertheless, for much of the game Johnson and the rest of the Celtics did an admirable job of containing Toney—who was playing with 10



In the clutch, Toney's J was right on target.



stitches in his forehead as a result of a collision with Detroit's Kelly Tripucka—holding him to a quiet 11 points in the first half. Nonetheless, the Sixers led 60-46 at the intermission before Boston rallied to tie at 84. With 4:50 to play, Toney reentered the game, and the Sixers went to him almost exclusively—with spectacular results. Toney's most dazzling move was a running no-look bank shot over Larry Bird, who had just switched onto Toney. Asked afterward if he was surprised that the shot went in, Toney said matter-of-factly, "Whenever I shoot the ball I expect it to go in."

"If there was a turning point, that shot was it," said Johnson. That gave the Sixers an 87-86 lead with 2:00 remaining. Boston regained the lead, 88-87, but Toney hit two free throws with 1:09 left to make it 89-88. On the next possession Toney buried a 20-foot jumper over Henderson—giving him 19 points for the game—and put the Celtics away.

Round One to Toney. Back to the drawing board, Celtics.

END

The guy standing in the corner of the Cleveland Browns' locker room Sunday looked like Sam Rutigliano all right. He even had the coach's voice. He was giving the little postgame press conference that winning coaches usually give, but I know it wasn't Sam because the words weren't right. This is what he was saying. In the aftermath of the Browns' 30-0 win over the New England Patriots: "Our offense was doing what it could to help the defense. What we needed to do was bring our quarterback, Brian Sipe, back into focus—no interceptions, no mistakes. Let the defense win it for us."

I told you it wasn't Sam: his offense

was always run and gun. This was a ventriloquist's dummy, and George Allen was doing the talking. He'd just changed the name from Billy Kilmer to Brian Sipe.

"Our quarterback doesn't have to play an extraordinary game," the fake Sam was saying. "He has to do the ordinary extraordinarily well. In other words, don't create interceptions."

I went and found Sipe. He was in the trainer's room, icing down his right arm, which was in danger of atrophying from

disuse. He had completed nine passes, only one of them longer than nine yards, out of the 20 he had thrown. Net passing yardage: 51. He hadn't messed anything up. During one four-game stretch this year, Sipe had thrown 13 interceptions. But Sunday the only interception he threw came late in the fourth quarter, long after the issue was decided.

"That isn't Sam out there," I said.

"Yeah, it's Sam," he said. "Why?"

"The words aren't right. It's George Allen stuff—don't let your offense mess

Pizzas are wins to Browns Coach Sam Rutigliano, who has learned it's better to pitch shutouts than interceptions **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Less Pizzazz, But More Pizzas





Here's another tag team routine on Collins by Banks and Johnson.

bull, plays inside on the weak side. A year ago he used to get the hook on passing downs, but now he's an integral part of the coverage scheme. He had two interceptions Sunday. And he was the focal figure in the game's most important play, crashing into Pats Quarterback Steve Grogan on a blitz and forcing a pass that Banks picked off and returned 65 yards for a TD—and a 10-0 Cleveland lead—in the second quarter.

it up for the defense, don't make mistakes. Straight Woody Hayes."

"Well," Sipe said, "I don't want to say we went into our Ohio State offense. But we weren't San Diego State out there, either. The day belonged to our defense. We . . . make that I . . . didn't want to do anything to screw it up."

Ah, well, so it was Sam after all. You remember Sam Rutigliano, the way he came charging into Cleveland six years ago, dark eyes flashing, shaking 'em up with statements like: "Fasten your seat belts, men. We're gonna attack—and keep attacking." It was fun time in those early years, the Sam and Brian show, the old Kardiak Kids, everybody's favorite Sunday afternoon Chiller Theatre.

"Yeah, sure, I know, it's boring now, boring as hell," Sam says. "Maybe I ought to get into hockey. But we've had plenty of days when Brian threw for 345 yards and we didn't get the pizza."

Based on their last two games, the Patriot victory and the 20-0 win over Tampa Bay a week earlier (their first back-to-back shutouts since 1951), the Browns



When Banks wasn't harassing Grogan, he intercepted one of his passes for a TD.

have made a 180-degree turn. They're 7-5 and challenging for a playoff spot, and for the first time since 1976 their defense is rated in the top half of the NFL. They're No. 7 after allowing the Patriots just 190 yards Sunday. They've got a new set of heroes: linebackers Tom Cousineau and Chip Banks, rookie Defensive End Reggie Camp and Middle Guard Bob Golic, a castoff converted linebacker from New England.

Cousineau, at \$500,000 per year the highest-paid defensive performer in foot-

"Yeah, Cousineau played great," Rutigliano said, "but you realize he'll never play as well as his salary. Nobody'll ever play that good."

In addition to his TD, Banks, last year's No. 1 Cleveland draft pick out of USC, collected a pair of sacks and batted away a fourth-down pass on the goal line to end the Patriots' only significant threat when the game was still a game. Camp applied steady pressure from his

continued

Linebackers Banks and Eddie Johnson were all over Collins, holding him to 46 yards.

left-end spot, got one sack and forced another. And Golic, working against back-up Center Wimpy Wheeler, got deep penetration all day and helped disrupt the Patriots' offensive scheme.

"It's a fun kind of game to go into," Rutigliano had said on Saturday night, "because we have a pretty good idea what they're going to do. In their last three games they've run left 54 times, so I know they're gonna run left, behind John Hannah and Brian Holloway. And when they get to around the 50, Grogan will let one go to Stanley Morgan."



Golic tipped off a teammate about Hannah's turtle block, then went out on the field and demonstrated a method for handling it.

The Patriots, who came into the game as the NFL's leading rushing team, averaging 178.4 yards per game, did, in fact, run to their left on the first three plays, falling a yard short of a first down and punting. Before the game Golic, the ex-Patriot, had cautioned Elvis Franks, the right defensive end, to "watch out for Hannah's turtle block."

"His what?" Franks had said.

"Turtle block. He'll pull his head down into his shoulder pads like a turtle, so only his eyes are showing, and then when he fires out he'll pop his head into you. It's effective."

Maybe so, but not Sunday as the Patriots' top rusher, Tony Collins, gained only 48 yards. Grogan and Morgan were never

able to hook up on anything longer than four yards. The only deep pass they tried ended up intercepted by Cornerback Hanford Dixon.

The Patriots' problems started a week earlier when their line center, Pete Brock, went down with a knee injury. Marty Schottenheimer, the Browns' defensive coordinator, gave his linemen and linebackers a stunting-blitzing scheme designed to take advantage of Wheeler's inexperience. By the end of the first half, the Browns were up 20-0, seven of the points going directly to the defense

(Banks' TD), three indirectly (Cousineau's first interception set up a chippie field goal for Matt Bahr) and seven coming from a surprise onside kick in the second quarter, which was Rutigliano's way of showing the world that a little of the old Sam still exists.

"I saw that their middle man on the kick-return team was turning his back, so I called it," Sam said. "I had to get my courage up. You don't get help on decisions like that; you get this," and he held his hands over his eyes.

By now the Patriots were out of their game plan and they had to play catch-up, which isn't their style. Even worse, though, Grogan was hurting. When Cousineau blitzed him in the second quarter, Grogan had suffered a hairline fracture of the fibula in his left leg. Grogan is one of the NFL's more courageous quarterbacks; he kept playing, but as the game wore on, he was hobbling noticeably. Finally, midway in the third quarter, Coach Ron Meyer brought in Tony Eason, the rookie No. 1 pick from Illinois, but by then the score was 23-0.

"They had the best coverage scheme we've seen this year," said Eason, who threw two interceptions, giving the Browns a total of five on the day. "We had a few gimmick plays, but they were right on top of them all."

It was a prideful day for the Browns' defense, all right, and it served to hide a quarterback situation that had grown nasty in the past few weeks. Both Sipe

continued



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and his backup man, Paul McDonald, are unsigned. Both are in the final year of their contracts. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, a day off for the Browns, Sipe flew to New York to meet with Donald Trump, the real-estate man who owns the New Jersey Generals of the USFL. The Generals, who have been milking such names as Don Shula and Raider Quarterback Marc Wilson for all the publicity value they can, quickly had the news of Sipe's visit on the national wires.

For the first time ever, Rutigliano ripped Sipe in print. "You can't expect to be successful on the field when your mind is elsewhere," he said. Rutigliano had already benched Sipe—"to rest a tired arm," he said—in Cleveland's 25-19 victory over Houston on Oct. 30. The following week McDonald started again, against Green Bay. The Packers opened up a 21-7 halftime lead on their



Mike Pruitt hurtled through and over the Patriots for 136 yards and one touchdown.



Is Rutigliano becoming an Allen clone?

way to a 35-21 win, and when McDonald threw three straight incompletes to open the second half, Sipe took over.

McDonald wasn't exactly a popular figure with the Browns' management, either. In October his agent, Leigh Steinberg, and the Browns had reached a verbal agreement on a new contract, converting this season's \$70,000 salary to a

two-year, \$600,000 package. But then Wilson signed a reported five-year, \$4 million package with the Raiders, and Steinberg put the McDonald deal on hold. It was a question of whom the Browns were madder at, Sipe or McDonald, and they decided it was McDonald.

"I sat down with Brian last Thursday," Rutigliano said before the Patriot game, "and told him, 'Look, we need to talk. Whether you like me or dislike me doesn't matter. What matters is that you focus on football right now, on the playoffs, on where we're going. The Jersey Generals or the Kentucky Colonels don't

matter as far as 1983 is concerned.'

"He asked, 'What about Paul McDonald?' I told him, 'You're 34 and he's 25, but right now you've got a lot of good pitches in you. You're my quarterback.' He thanked me and that's how we left it."

"Whatever the future may be," Sipe says, "I realize how important it is to play well right now, and that's all I want to say about it."

O.K., right now the defense is talking, and the Browns are eyeing the playoffs. Things could be a whole lot worse. **END**



Bahr's 22-yard first-quarter field goal was all that Cleveland needed to make its day.



IT ALL STARTS HERE

The annual Peach Basket Festival in Springfield, Mass. celebrates the beginnings of basketball and the opening of every new season **by Alexander Wolff**

From the moment Referee Jack Hannon tossed the ball up for the tap—"Hey, Jack, don't screw it up," his partner, Jody Silvester, had said just seconds before—the proceedings were supposed to have been different. And for a while last Saturday it looked as if they would be. This time, when North Caroli-

na State's Lorenzo Charles slipped by Houston's Akeem Olatuwon to hammer home a tap dunk—the sort of shot Charles made to clinch the Wolfpack's NCAA championship victory over the Cougars in April—he was called for an offensive foul. When N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano tried to freeze the ball for

COLLEGE BASKETBALL | 1983-84

After Cozell McQueen got the tap from Olayuwon, State again tapped out Houston.

Just as the sport of basketball began 92 years ago in a Springfield (Mass.) gym, so has the major college game begun each season since 1979-80 with Springfield's Hall of Fame Tip-Off Classic. Though heavily favored in this year's Classic, the Cougars—ranked No. 3 by SI—failed to get back at the Pack for their loss in the NCAA finals. Instead, unranked North Carolina State provided one more reminder that balance will prevail once again in college basketball in 1983-84. Meanwhile, the confusing rules experimentation that marked last season has been curtailed. The three-point field goal has been banished from every Division I conference but two, the Southern and the Trans America, and the NCAA has mandated that the three-point line, which last year came in four different versions, from 17' 9" to 22', be no closer than 19' 9" from the center of the hoop. Some 11 conferences will have shot clocks, but all will tick at least 45 seconds. And only two leagues, the Big Sky and the ECAC North Atlantic, will have a time limit on shooting through the entire game. The other conferences with clocks—including the ACC, SEC and Big East—will pull the plug for the last four minutes.

The man overseeing these and other modifications is Dr. Ed Stenz, the Springfield College athletic director and secretary-editor of the NCAA rules committee. Where that other noted basketball doctor from Springfield—the game's inventor, Dr. James Naismith—had his secretary type the sport's original 13 rules on two sheets of paper, today's regulations require 172 printed pages of delineation and elucidation. Stenz, who knows all the rules, predicts the most significant change this season will be the

one that gives a team in the bonus situation two free throws for any common foul in the last two minutes. "The rule was amended to get rid of referees' inconsistencies in calling the intentional foul," he says.

Maybe so, but the new free-throw provision has already been informally dubbed the Valvano Rule by those who believe it was designed to stop Val-

continued

the last shot of the first half, his Pack turned it over. And it was Olayuwon, not Charles, who with 8.29 left scored to make the count hauntingly familiar, N.C. State 54, Houston 52, which is what the final tally was last spring.

But then, Lo and behold, Charles drove for a layup, and North Carolina State, led by its guards, including rubber-legged Anthony (Spud) Webb, a 5' 7", 135-pound junior college transfer who finished with 18 points, five assists, four rebounds, three steals and the game's MVP award, scored 11 unanswered points. Houston began missing free throws. And the Wolfpack won again, 76-64.

Springfield, the birthplace of the sport, even has a basket on its outdoor Court.





PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNING JONES

Charles continued to be bad news for Houston, getting 23 points and 13 rebounds.

If Valvano had a heightened sense of basketball's past last week, it may have been because of his attendance at the Peach Basket Festival leading up to the Tip-Off Classic. Among the Festival's highlights were a Four Tops and Temptations concert, a ball and a parade, which proceeded very, very deliberately. Appropriately, the parade's grand marshal was Hank Iba, the patriarch of slow-down basketball.

The most fun came when real live players relieved the Hall of Fame of its archival mustiness. During a visit there Thursday Olajuwon spent two full minutes staring at a picture of Oscar Robertson grabbing a rebound. The Big O's legs were spread almost 180 degrees. "That's a serious rebound," Akeem muttered.

The current Hall looks like Naismith Memorial Tool & Die. Executive Director Lee Williams can't wait until 1985, when the new Hall should be finished. It will be located on a grassy strip just steps from Springfield's born-again downtown and hard by Interstate 91. Since 1980, when \$5 million for the \$11.4 million structure was first approved as part of a state tourism bond issue, the Hall has been something of a political basketball. Williams scoffs at the objections. "Say each person who makes a stop at the Hall of Fame leaves \$10 in the community," he says. "Well, I'm willing to bet our first year down there we'll draw at least 125,000 people [more than three times the current gate], and in due time 200,000 to 250,000. Multiply times 10, and you have millions left in the community, annually."

A lighter controversy persists over the new Hall's design. There had been talk that it might be shaped like a giant basketball, which inspired Leigh Montville of *The Boston Globe* to wonder whether the door would resemble an air valve, and each visitor would have to wet himself down—like an inflating needle—to gain entrance. Instead, the building will be a very functional rectangle, marked by a painted "action mural" on its facade that simulates moving basketball players. "The mural will be our Guggenheim touch," Williams says. So far, the Clas-

COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1983-84

(BY MANNING JONES)

vano—and anyone else so inclined—from masterfully using intentional fouls with his team trailing late in games. During last season's NCAA tournament, opponent after opponent would go to the line and miss the front end of a one-and-one, and the Pack would come down

and get a crucial two-point field goal.

Not surprisingly, Valvano hates the new rule. He thinks it handicaps teams that are behind and will make for fewer exciting finishes. And sure enough, on Saturday, with Houston fouling desperately in the last two minutes, State extended its lead with free throws. Still, Valvano sputtered, "It's the silliest rule in the history of the game."

sic has raised \$166,000 for the new Hall.

It has also raised some hairs. None of the first four games was decided by more than six points; twice games have gone into overtime; and there have now been two certified upsets, St. John's having stunned North Carolina's defending NCAA champions last November. In

his visit to the Hall, And Coach Guy V Lewis kept his Cougars in a tight zone even after Charles began floating outside to can 17-footers. But Lewis, who was one of the first coaches to broach the idea of a game to benefit the Hall of Fame, might note that both Louisville (1980) and North Carolina (1982) found losses

in Springfield to be springboards to lousy starts. Let's not forget, though, that this is still November, when any school can prattle about Seattle.

Oh yes, Seattle, the site of the '84 Final Four. For all the preseason forecasting, there's really only one certainty. This season will end in rain.

CONTINUED



Williams (left) can't wait for the new Hall. Steitz (below) continues in the Naismith tradition, while for liba, slow and steady has always won the race.



large part, the good games have been a byproduct of astute matchmaking. "We want the dynasties, the UCLAs and Kentuckys," says Steitz, one of the Classic's founders, who has the connections to line them up. "The gravy for the Hall of Fame comes from television, and it's a year-to-year deal with TV. So the game has to have appeal."

Great games have come with great teams, but Saturday's could have been better. Obiagwu quite literally walked through it, traveling on four occasions. Phi Slamma Jamma's highly touted fledgling pledge, freshman Rickie Winslow, went scoreless in 12 minutes. Benny Anders looked more enthusiastic during



A TOWERING TWOSOME



No other pair in the college game is at the level of Sam Perkins and Michael Jordan of North Carolina

by Curry Kirkpatrick

It may be because Sam played in the 1981 NCAA championship game as a freshman, and Michael, when he was a freshman, made the winning shot in the 1982 NCAA championship game, and because the two of them have already appeared in 21 NCAA tournament matches. It may be a result of both Sam and Michael being selected over the years to so many All-America teams and All-Tournament lineups and National Sports Festivals—and enough Junior World Cups and other international touring squads to qualify for diplomatic immunity. Or perhaps the explanation is simply that television has spotlighted Sam swinging those monster rubber arms down around his shoelaces and Michael wagging that tongue of his like a starving puppy so often that network execs might as well make them a weekly sitcom. Call it *Chapel Hill Blues*. Or, simply, *Sam and Michael*—as the official report on *bakondesto masculino* (men's basketball) at the Pan American Games in Caracas, Venezuela spelled their names.

Whatever the reason, North Carolina's Sam Perkins, 22, and Michael Jordan, 20, seem to have been around college basketball forever and a day. And here come Perkins, finally a senior, and Jordan, still only a junior, one more time Pan Am stars of summer past, probable Olympic heroes of summer future and the leaders of the Tar Heels. "They excel on all the levels," Coach Dean Smith says. "Sam and Michael are the kind of players and people you search for."

During his three seasons at UNC the 6' 10", 231-pound Perkins, who plays both center and forward in Smith's multidimensional attack, has averaged 15.4

continued

Perkins (left) and Jordan are the first All-Americans on the same team since Indiana's Kent Benson and Scott May in 1975-76.

points, 8.4 rebounds and 1.8 blocked shots per game. Jordan, who is 6' 6½", 201 pounds, emerged last season—only his second on the varsity—as merely the finest all-around amateur player in the world. "There is one phenomenon in college ball," says Tom Newell, a scout for the Golden State Warriors and the radio color man for the University of Virginia, "and his name is Michael Jordan."

Phenomenon meet Enigma. Perkins' on-court persona is as mundane as Jordan's is spectacular. Tales of Jordan's many and varied leaps and bounds are already prominent in Tar Heel lore, while Perkins' lefty jump hooks speak softly and fade from memory. Silent Sam disdains the dunk; his yeoman effort against Virginia's Ralph Sampson last Jan. 15, including four for four from three-point

range, was the quietest 36 points on record. Perkins may have raised his fist once in excitement, though no one is sure.

Perkins is the product of a broken home. He was raised by his grandmother, Martha Perkins, a devout Jehovah's Witness, in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto. When Perkins was a high school junior, a job placement manager named Herb Crossman became his legal guardian and moved him to Latham, N.Y., a white suburb of Albany. Perkins says it was "sad because I'd spent my whole life in Brooklyn." But then: "Homesick? I didn't have anybody to be homesick about." Because his grandmother was adamant that Sam should uphold the tenets of Jehovah and attend Kingdom Hall classes regularly, Perkins came to basketball late; he didn't play high

school ball until his junior year, 1978-79. Even today, Perkins' religious upbringing seems to affect his play. "Jehovah's Witnesses teach people to be meek and mild, and I think a lot of that rubbed off on me," Perkins says. "But I can't help it if I look nonchalant. When I play it may look easy, but it isn't. I sweat."

Off the court, he doesn't sweat the game at all. Last season this made for some embarrassing Perkins quotes, such as "Who's Wayman Tisdale?" prior to Carolina's meeting with Oklahoma and "Georgia? What league are they in?" before his team's NCAA clash with the Dawgs. Perkins knew all about Georgia after the game, an 82-77 victory for the Dawgs. On both occasions Perkins' posture was taken for arrogance, but he was only being sincere. He honestly

continued



didn't know. Five years ago Perkins didn't know who Dean Smith was. He still doesn't follow basketball. Perkins washed his car rather than watch the '83 ACC tournament final between N.C. State and Virginia.

However, Perkins' relaxed, insouciant

style conceals a fierce competitiveness. Jack Hartman of Kansas State, the coach of the U.S. team in the Pan American Games, held back his impressions of Perkins for a long time, and even asked Jordan whether his pal "always seemed, uh, this lazy." Jordan's reply: "That's just

Sam. He'll be there." As things turned out, Jordan led the scoring in Caracas while Perkins led in rebounding and was third in scoring.

Perkins has never been tested for catatonia—"Coach Hartman told me to pep up. Gee, I saw myself as already pepped up," he says—but sometimes he appears to have missed life's wake-up call. If there is such a thing as passive aggression, Perkins invented it. Of course, when a man has fire hoses for arms—Perkins chose his Carolina number, 41, because that's his sleeve length—he can afford to drift under the backboards impersonating Perry Como. "My arms are my talent," Perkins says.

Jordan's brilliance is somehow easier to pin down. The third son of five children born to James, a General Electric plant supervisor, and Delores Jordan, a customer service rep for United Carolina Bank, Michael grew up in the coastal town of Wilmington, N.C. in a warm familial atmosphere. The family is this close: Jordan's parents have never missed one of Michael's Carolina games, home or away, including Hawaii and Greece. Roslyn, 19, graduated from Laney High School a year ahead of her class and joined Michael at Chapel Hill. Larry, a senior at UNC-Wilmington, is a year older and 1½ inches shorter than Michael, who's the giant of the family, nobody else being over six feet. Larry is usually the recipient of the booty Michael collects in his award-winning travels. "Larry always used to beat me on the backyard court," Michael says. "His vertical jump is higher than mine. He's got the dunks and some 360s and most all the same stuff I got. And he's five-seven! Larry is my inspiration." Just as he did in high school, Michael selected his number, 23, in order to "halve" his brother's 45 when they were backcourt teammates at Laney.

Jordan started out a baseball player, shifted to basketball when he grew four inches between his sophomore and junior years and remains a fan for all seasons. He can recite names, numbers and stats for every facet of jockdom, including stock-car racing, for Petty's sake. And of course his basketball knowledge goes far beyond the ACC. "I had to tell Tisdale and [Georgia's James] Banks I knew who they were," Jordan says, alluding to Perkins' gaffes. "They underestimated Sam meant no disrespect."

The day after Carolina's season-end-

continued



Before putting a hand in the hoop against Georgia, Perkins put a foot in his mouth.

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ing loss to Georgia last March, Jordan was spotted in Carmichael Auditorium on the UNC campus toiling away for hours on his shot. "I couldn't wait for the next game," he says. Then, after an endless summer of basketball camps, pickup scrimmages and then the Pan Am Games, Jordan returned to Chapel Hill and started playing immediately. "The freshmen were already talking trash. I had to see what they had," he says.

Smith says Jordan is the hardest worker he's ever coached. In high school Jordan hustled so, he was nicknamed The Rabbit. Rabbit, run. When he enrolled at Chapel Hill, Jordan ran the 40-yard dash in 4.6 seconds. This fall he ran a 4.3. By running and lifting weights he has substantially built up his upper body and gained 12 pounds in two years, most of it in the shoulders.

As a freshman Jordan didn't especially like playing defense. By the end of last season—after he had pulled off some miracle finishes with deflections, steals and blocks against Tulane, Maryland and Virginia—he was easily the best defensive guard in the land. "Jordan always seems to know where the ball is and where it's going," said Maryland Forward Mark Fothergill. "He roams around like a madman, playing the whole court and causing all kinds of confusion."

With his notable hunger for offensive rebounds, Jordan plays frenzied scavenger to Perkins' sice-eyed Sluggo, all the while whipping his tongue around the premises and causing Smith considerable anguish. The coach was so appalled at the prospect of Jordan chomping the wayward tongue clean off in a collision at the rim that he went to a dentist in search of a mouthpiece that would enable Jordan to "talk on defense." No luck. Mpfshwdbl-switch-bkldsmcyx.

While Jordan is a social butterfly, Perkins is the consummate loner—"hanging out with himself" as senior Forward Matt Doherty puts it—who spends much of his time in an off-campus apartment where he cooks for himself and irons as well. His intimidating size and solitude would be off-putting were it not for his easy manner and glowing cherub smile, which makes him look all of 10 years old. As a result, Perkins may be the most popular Tar Heel of all time among the young set across the state. When Perkins heard that Chris Blue, then a sixth-grader in

continued



Jordan's soaring soaring last summer led the red, white and blue to the Pan Am gold.

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Perkins presses in a quiet way; Jordan excels at good coverage.

Southern Pines, wore a UNC basketball shirt with number 41 and "PerBluekins" across the back, he sent him a picture signed "Sam PerBluekins."

Perkins has not always had such a happy life. In Bed-Stuy, Perkins never knew his father and was somewhat estranged from his mother and three sisters, who were "pretty much on their own." Martha Perkins sent her grandson to Tilden High rather than the rougher Boys and Girls High School. The youngster's off-hours were spent going door to door spreading Jehovah's word. Still, after Perkins quit the jayvee basketball team, he was on his way to a life in the streets. "I went to school every now and then, but I wasn't interested," he says. "It was a point of no hope. I can't see myself robbing, stealing or killing anybody, but if I'd stayed out of school I'd have caused problems. I definitely would have been in a lot of trouble."

Perkins was known as Ka-

room on the playgrounds, and Crossman enlisted him for the local age-group team, convincing Martha that an interest in basketball wouldn't lead him away from religion. When Crossman relocated to the Albany area, Perkins helped him look for a place to live. Later it was decided Sam would be better off moving upstate as well. Now Perkins calls Latham home; for four years he has lived with a white family, the John Elaskas, who first met him when their daughter, Susan, brought her Shaker High School classmate home for dinner. Guess who stayed for the duration?

Perkins' averaged 25 points and 16 rebounds his two years at Shaker and was the object of a hot recruiting war among UCLA, Syracuse and North Carolina. But his friendship with James Worthy,

formed at the 1979 Junior World Cup tournament in Brazil, may have clinched it for the Tar Heels.

Since coming to Carolina, Perkins' role has undergone some changes. As he gained confidence in his outside shot and as Worthy and then Brad Daugherty took the pressure off inside, Perkins flushed out on the floor to assume the more natural role of big forward. The sweet south-paw J hook remains his bread 'n' butter, but he's a scoring computer around the key; his career shooting percentage is 57.2 from the field and 77.5 from the line. Defensively, Perkins is so quick that Smith has had him guard everyone from 7' 4" Sampson to 6' 5" Vince Taylor, a former Duke guard.

Perkins says he takes to each task, big and small, with the same enthusiasm. "I try hard," he says to those who have had their doubts. "I take all the games seriously." Nevertheless, Smith has made certain Perkins will not fire up anymore enemy locker rooms. "I told Sam, this year everyone's going to be great," says Smith. "So and so? He's great. Joe Palooka? Great. Everyone's great. Everyone."

Era, Jordan?

Well, he's great, too. Former NBA Guard Jeff Mullins says, "The prevailing opinion always has been that Oscar Robertson and Jerry West are the two all-time best guards. But we may have to change that view because of Jordan."

Rarely has a player become so terrific so quickly. Jordan was a skinny 6' 11" jayvee. Even after his junior year he did not rate a spot on a list of the top 500 high school players. But as a Carolina freshman he sank the 17-footer in New Orleans that beat Georgetown to win the NCAAs, and by now he's all-globe. If Perkins is Perry Como, who is Jordan? Sting?

The UNC recruiters go to Jordan early—they thought he looked like "an average ACC player"—so as to counter the attentions of, among others, South Carolina, which entertained Jordan at the governor's mansion in Columbia. As it

continued



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turned out, the Carolina coaches had some convincing to do. "Growing up, I hated North Carolina," Jordan says. "I was a State fan; David Thompson was the man. My mom liked Phil Ford, but I couldn't stand him or any of them Carolina guys. I rooted for Marquette in the '77 championship game. My mom got mad. But after visiting Chapel Hill with Project Uplift, a minority student program, Jordan was hooked. "The coaches didn't know I was here. I saw this place as a student, not as a recruit," he says.

Smith felt Jordan's rookie season—13.5 points and 4.4 rebounds a game, a 53.4 field-goal percentage—was "inconsistent," especially defensively. Consequently, prominent on Jordan's "Christmas list" of items to work on in the off-season was defense. The result was that in his sophomore year Jordan won Carolina's defensive player of the game award in 13 games. He also accumulated a team-leading 110 personal fouls and fouled out of four games, all of which Carolina lost.

Scoring has never been a problem. After he made 23 of 37 shots and scored 64 points in two games against Duke last season, Blue Devil Guard Johnny Dawkins said: "Jordan goes all out. Not just physically, like he used to, but now he out-thinks you. Back door here. Lob to me here. Good defensive play there. Of all the players he's the most impressive." Then there was the time Jordan leaped completely over the head of N.C. State's Sidney Lowe. And the time Jordan made his famous "demoralizer dunk" against Georgia Tech, when he took off from the foul line, cupped the ball—"I thought I was watching Superman," said Tech Center Tim Harvey—roared by the rim after a fake front slam, then crushed home an afterthought sidewinder. And the time...

"This kid takes it to the hole as hard as anybody ever has," says Hartman. "Sometimes I felt cheated coaching

him. Michael created so many incredible moves I wanted to see them all again on instant replay. But I couldn't because I was there, live."

Alas, though Jordan's shooting percentage remained static last season—53.5% along with 20 points and 5.5 rebounds per game—his outside shooting fell off. "I think the three-pointer altered my thinking," he says. "I was pressing, trying to hit too many long ones. [Jordan's three-point percentage was 44.7, fourth among the five Carolina guards.] Plus, my arc got higher and higher. I think the winning shot in '82 went to my head or something. I must have watched it on film 30 times. That thing was a rain-bow. Wow."

Wow, yourself. All summer Jordan worked on his shooting and ball handling—Smith says, "It would be fun to see Michael be a point guard in the pros"—and on his jab-step fake, a move so quick it fools referees into whistling him for traveling. More late-breaking news: Gaps have been discovered in Jordan's knees, which means he hasn't stopped growing.

Before Perkins and Jordan graduate—and both are on schedule, credit-wise, Perkins in communications (he has publicly campaigned for Al McGuire's job),

Jordan in geography—the two may connect some more Tar Heel history. Perkins needs only to maintain his average annual numbers to finish as the school's best rebounder, surpassing the likes of Billy Cunningham and Mitch Kupchak, and second-best scorer, trailing Phil Ford. Of course, if Jordan keeps his scoring average, he would pass Perkins and Ford to be No. 1.

All of which pales in comparison to the true measurement of Carolina success: getting one's name on a sandwich at Chapel Hill's Four Corners restaurant. Recently, The Jordan—crab salad on pita with lettuce and tomato—took its place on the menu alongside the Sam-Wich, SMITHsonian, Big McAdoo. Fabulous Phil and Miller Filler. The Jordan started out to be—what else?—tongue, but that was too expensive. So now The Jordan is \$3.75, and the Sam-Wich is \$4.15. The Sam-Wich is grilled pastrami and ham with special sauce, hot mustard, sautéed onions, sprouts and melted provolone. One day Perkins came in to taste this monstrosity. A half hour later the honoree was still picking through the debris. "I don't know about these sprouts," Perkins said. "What are these sprouts?"

They're great, Sam. Remember? Everything's great.

CONTINUED



Sam and Michael are a class act in any class they enter.

1 NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina Coach Dean Smith isn't a student of the ancient thinkers. "I'll take Kierkegaard or Martin Buber," he says. But when his team had an opportunity to play a series of exhibitions in Greece during October, he didn't spend much time mulling the offer over before accepting it. The Tar Heels brought along James McCoy, a history professor, and each player was required to attend seminars on Greek history and culture and keep a journal of his experiences.

The last time the Heels played someone from Athens, it was in the East Regional final last March, when Georgia derailed Carolina's national championship hopes 82-77. "It left a bitter taste in my mouth," says Michael Jordan, the marvelous junior swingman. "Maybe I got spoiled, winning the NCAAAs as a freshman."

But, as Euripides said, "Waste not fresh tears over old griefs." It's not worth it when you have back four of five starters, including two of the best players in the country, from a 28-8 team and have snared the three blue-chip recruits you went after: Who's better, the 6'6" Jordan or 6'9" senior Forward Sam Perkins (page 52)? "There are two sides to every question," said Protagoras.

Jordan is the more versatile and spectacular. Last season he beat out Ralph Sampson for Player of the Year honors in two polls and, with Perkins, helped lead the U.S. team to the gold medal at the Pan Am Games. Only when he returned home to Wilmington, N.C. at the end of the summer and his mother confiscated his car keys, did he stop playing ball. "Coming from New York I've seen so many players with great talent waste it," says senior Matt Doherty (right, who will be one starting forward. "Michael puts every ounce of talent to use." In the words of Aeschylus, "His resolve is not to seem, but to be, the best."

Perkins, the workmanlike lefty, has twice been a first-team All-America. "Sam might be a little more subtle in his greatness," says Doherty. "He'll kill you by playing his normal game—blocking shots, using his lefty inside hook, busting a few jumpers, getting fouled a lot." Aristophanes put it another way: "Let each man exercise the art he knows."

Meanwhile, Brad Daugherty, the 18-year-old, 6'11" sophomore center, has continued to mature physically.

"There were times last year when he should have gotten a rebound, and guys took it away from him," says Perkins, who's free to play forward thanks to Daugherty's progress. "But he's trained hard with weights. I guess he got tired of guys pushing him around."

Additional depth will come from sophomore Curtis Hunter, who broke his left foot in a summer pickup game but is expected back as Jordan's understudy, and 240-pound junior Center Warren Martin. Two freshman forwards, Joe Wolf and Dave Popson, who looks malnourished but is favorably compared to Bobby Jones, were Parade first-team high school All-Americans.

The only uncertainty is who'll replace the graduated long-range bomber Jim Braddock at the crucial point position. Among the candidates, 6'3" junior Buzz Peterson was

the preseason pick. An erstwhile shooting guard, he was sixth man until a knee injury sidelined him at mid-season last year. Sophomore Steve Hale, whose father, Jerry, is the former coach at Oral Roberts, and Kenny (The Jet) Smith, a freshman from New York City, are other possibilities. Smith's playing style and personality remind upperclass teammates of another New Yorker, Jimmy Black, the man who quarterbacked Carolina to the 1982 national title. Peterson, Hale and Smith all have the talent, but, says Smith the coach, "It's the toughest position to adjust to here. We throw so much at them." Aristotle: "For the things we have to learn before we can do them, we learn by doing them."

During his annual summer film review, Smith gave high marks to last season's team defense, but decided there were too many individual breakdowns. He doesn't expect those breakdowns to occur so often this season. Smith also expects the team's 1982-83 shooting percentage (a 13-year low of 51.5) to rise now that the ACC has abolished the three-point field goal attempt.

Are the Tar Heels the best team in the country? Right now, on paper, they look to be. And they figure to be there after the national championship game in Seattle on April 2 as well. But harken to Pericles. He said, "Wait for that wisest of all counselors, time."

—ALEXANDER WOLFF



2 KENTUCKY

Joe B. Hall would rather reveal what his middle initial stands for than admit that he felt some satisfaction when two Cats began clawing at one another—throwing punches, no less—during a recent practice. One of the pugilists was Winston Bennett, a rock-solid 6' 7" freshman forward. The other looked like a doo-wop singer on whom someone had lost the vertical hold. Was it? Could it have been? Why, yes, it was 7' 1" Sam Bowie (below). Teammates quickly separated the two, and Hall sat everybody down for an old-fashioned Rupp reamin'. But he must have done it with a suppressed grin. While Kentucky hasn't had this much size and maturity since its 1978 title team, it certainly hasn't had this much fight in it, either—and no coach wants to mess with that.

Of course it's not Bowie's hand speed that's of primary concern, but his left shinbone. A stubborn stress fracture there, suffered before the 1981-82 season, idled him the last two years. Kentucky won 45 of 61 games without Bowie, but was a disappointment in the postseason. It's uncertain how much of Bowie's sophomore All-America form is left after countless electrical stimulation treatments, several casts and a bone graft, but he's playing again—and that's good news for Wildcat fans.

If Bowie makes it back all the way—and he's not there yet—he would play forward on one of the most imposing front lines in college history. Kenny (Sky) Walker, a 6' 8" sophomore who was MVP at the National Sports Festival, would be the other forward. And 6' 11" Melvin (Dipper) Turpin, who has turned himself into an excellent offensive player, will start at center. "Now I'll have somebody new to help me rebound," Turpin says. "Last year our biggest weakness was giving teams second and third shots."

Unfortunately, Turpin looked ready to challenge Auburn's Charles Barkley and Georgia freshman Bam-Bam Ramey for SEC Doughboy of the Year when he reported to fall practice at 258 pounds, almost 20 overweight. A team manager is shadowing him 'round the clock, making sure he doesn't sneak any snacks. When a non-jock living among the

varsity players in the Wildcat Lodge innocently offered Turpin a brownie, Turpin looked knives and forks at the guy and said: "Coach Hall'll tell you the rule next Lodge meeting: You don't feed the Dipper." Bowie, though, can feed Turpin anytime he likes—on the court. "Sam can take that big, long step around a defender to pass into the post man," Hall says. "He's a good and willing passer." Other likely frontcourt feeders include junior Bret Bearup and Bennett, the bellicose fellow who's Kentucky's first recruit out of Louisville in 10 years. "You have to lace your sneakers up extra tight when you're guarding him," Bowie says.



As offensively potent as the starting front could be, it may not have the mobility to play man-to-man defense. And the backcourt may not have the depth. Here's why: Senior Point Guard Dicky Beal has had his third arthroscopic incision for floating cartilage and inflammation in his right knee, and his entire game is in his legs. Beal's backup, sophomore Roger Harden, is a step slow. Freshman James Blackmon, like Bennett a high school All-America, is a defensive liability who would best be groomed as senior Jim Master's replacement at shooting guard. "He's a freshman," Hall says. "I don't want to throw him to the wolves." Accordingly, 5' 5" speedball Leroy Byrd, a Lexington native who found playing time hard to come by behind Coach Jerry Tarkanian's son at UNLV, has been stashed at Somerset (Ky.) Community College. He'll play no organized ball there; in fact, Somerset doesn't even have a team. Instead, he's taking a giddyup, 19-hour course load and could be eligible to transfer and play for the Cats in January.

"With Bowie and Beal close to 100%, we can be a great team," Hall says. "Without them, we'll be a very good team, and there are plenty of those around." As the season was about to open, Bowie was perhaps 80% and Beal 70%. The Wildcats have already proven they can win consistently without Bowie. Whether they're a championship team without Beal is more problematic. Call the mood around Lexington optimistic—guardedly optimistic.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF

SCOUTING REPORTS

3 HOUSTON

One of the best-kept secrets in college basketball last year was Michael Young (below). He didn't come from any far-off place like his Nigerian teammate, Akeem Olujuwon (page 106), and he didn't do any far-out things around the basket like fellow Cougar, Benny Anders, and he didn't have a far-out nickname like two of his other teammates, Clyde (The Glide) Drexler and Larry (Mr. Mean) Micheaux. No, all plain old Michael Young did was lead the NCAA runner-up Cougars in scoring with 17.3 points per game, and receive his team's MVP award.

"If Michael Young's not an All-America this year," says Drexler, who's now a pro with Portland, "then they should stop naming a team."

Not so fast, Glide. It will still be difficult for Young, a senior forward, to get recognition while the game's most imposing player, Olujuwon, is on the court. Besides, Young may have to adjust to a new role that involves more inside play. The Cougars will miss Mr. Mean and The Glide, but you can still expect them to be around come Final Four time, for the third straight year.

Coach Guy Lewis may start five players who saw extensive action in the '83 NCAA final—Young, Olujuwon, Anders, Alvin Franklin and Red Gettys—and who can much that experience? The Cougars also landed last year's leading junior college scorer, Forward Braxton Clark, who went for 34.8 points a game at Oxnard College in Cupertino, Calif., and they have one of the best freshmen in the country in Forward Rickie Winslow from Houston's Yates High School. "You can't fold up just because two powerhouses like Larry and Clyde are gone," says sophomore Point Guard Franklin. "We're expecting nothing but the best."

Olujuwon makes that expectation more than reasonable. One of Lewis' major concerns was finding someone to push the 7-foot Olujuwon during practice, a role convincingly played by Mr. Mean last year. Lewis found him in Greg Anderson, a 6' 10" Houston product who was recruited by only one other Southwest Conference school, Rice. Anderson has been absolutely vicious in challenging Olujuwon

"Greg soaks up learning like a sponge," says Lewis. "He's picked up stuff faster than any big man we've ever had." Including Olujuwon and Elvin Hayes? "I said faster than anyone," answers Lewis.

Lewis has been criticized as purely a roll-the-ball-out-there type of coach, but his practices are long, tough and sometimes even bloody. And although Houston often shows a lack of offensive discipline, the coach doesn't countenance prima donnas, either. "You may be an All-America

in Nigeria," he screamed at Olujuwon during one early-season practice session, "but you take a shot like that during a game and your butt will be over on the bench."

Lewis is counting on Winslow to split his time among both forward positions and the No. 2 guard slot. The leaping ability and sense of timing Winslow showed in preseason drills make it a good bet he'll be starting by January. Lewis describes him this way: "Good dunker, good jammer, good ball handler, good passer." When you coach the Phi Slamma Jammas, you've got to have your priorities in order.

With Winslow and Anders in the lineup at the same time, the offense will be as exciting as it was last year when Anders said: "We like to take it to the rack." No one does that more than Anders, himself, who has a tendency to go a little shot-crazy even by Houston's freewheeling standards. "Benny? Benny?" Lewis shouted at him in one preseason practice. "I like guys to take it to the paint [inside], too, but, my gosh, you've got an open 15-footer. Take it!" Lewis worked Anders hard in those early sessions,

holding a starting job out like a carrot.

Franklin and Gettys have the difficult job of keeping everyone happy with just one basketball. Though Franklin is more a pure point guard, nobody handled the distribution system better last year than the 6' 7" Gettys, who broke Houston's single-season assist record with 209. If he sometimes goes unnoticed, he doesn't go unappreciated. "Red feed me so much," says Olujuwon, "that if he go to bench, I want to be on bench." Houston's opponents would dearly love to see them there, too.

—JACK MCCALLUM





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"An acknowledged benchmark." (*Motor Trend*, June 1983)

"How do you follow a benchmark?"
(*Car and Driver*, January 1982)

HONDA

The Accord 4-Door Sedan

4 MEMPHIS STATE

More than 4,000 people are on Memphis State's season-ticket waiting list. To shoehorn them into the Mid-South Coliseum, which has been sold out to its 11,200 capacity for every game, the Tennessee legislature is considering a bill authorizing the installation of more seating—by raising the roof.

Of course, that's exactly what Memphians have already done over the Tigers. Those hoping to catch a glimpse of the action in the Bluff City Classic, a summer league featuring Memphis State players, have to show up at the Shelby State Community College gym two hours before tip-off to get a seat. Coach Dana Kirk does four radio shows a day, year-round. And one of three players who worked as a lifeguard over the summer says, "The kids didn't come by the pool to swim. They came by to mess with us."

No one else should mess with them on the court, not even perennial Metro Conference champ Louisville, which beat Memphis State in all three meetings last season. Memphis State could play as many as 22 games at home, including Metro tournament and NCAA Midwest Regional first- and second-round games set for the Coliseum. The Tigers will face that highly advantageous schedule with the same starters who went 23-8 in 1982-83 and a bench that has been shored up with some splendid recruits. The starters include

- Keith Lee (right), the recently married 6' 10" All-America junior Lee, who has a reputation for being as shy as he is polite, was positively expansive—and Solomon—when he announced he'd pass up the pros for another year. "The only hardship is in not having an education," he said. Last season he duplicated his national Freshman of the Year numbers, getting approximately 19 points, 11 rebounds and three blocks a game from the forward spot in Kirk's high-post system.

- Derrick Phillips, the 6' 9" senior center "Derrick's our hub," Kirk says. He sat out two seasons with a Bill Walton-like stress fracture of the right foot, and now plays with two surgically implanted screws in there. A criminal-justice major who wants to become a federal agent, Phillips will use an improved jumper from around the circle to lay down the law. Cheating toward Lee doesn't pay.

- Bobby Parks, the 6' 5", 185-pound senior forward. He's the Tigers' best defender and last season's second-best scor-

er, rebounder, assist-man, thief and shooter. "The heart in your body, the battery in your car," Kirk calls Parks. Others call him the most underrated player in the country.

- Philip (Doom) Haynes, the 6' 3" bank-shooting senior guard. He isn't nearly as nasty as his nickname—he got it for aggressiveness playing sandlot football—and facial expression suggest.

- Andre Turner, the 5' 10" sophomore point guard. His nickname isn't The Beale Street Blur, but it should be. "I've got to portray more leadership this year," he says. "I tended to look up to the elderly fellows." He'll continue to look up at almost everyone else, too, especially opposing guards who post him. "I'll make them work so hard running the offense, they'll forget about taking shots," he vows.

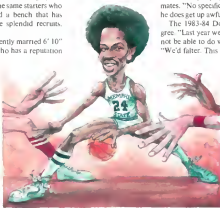
The rest of last season's team was called the Blue Dogs after the jersey color they'd wear in practice. The only hound to escape the pound early on was Baskerville Holmes, the backup forward who got his first name when his mom went into labor while watching *The Hound of the Baskervilles* on TV. Holmes, who stood out in summer league play, is called Batman by teammates. "No specific reason," says Haynes. "But he does get up awfully high."

The 1983-84 Dogs will have a better pedigree. "Last year we'd look down the bench and not be able to do what we wanted," Kirk says. "We'd falter. This year we should be in fourth

gear in the fourth quarter." He'll be able to choose from Forward Willie Becion, a junior transfer from St. Louis University, where he was the 1980-81 Metro Conference Freshman of the Year, freshman Guard John Wilfong, whose father (Gene) and uncle (Win) were Tiger stars during the '50s; and freshman forwards Larry Bush and Dewayne Bailey and Center William Bedford, who were teammates on Memphis' Metro High team, which won the Class AAA state title last season. Bedford still must pass a minimum competency test to become academically eligible for the second semester. All the newcomers except Bush are Memphians, meaning 11 of 15 Tigers hail from within an hour of town. "We recruit inside-out," says Kirk. "You don't clean up the yard till you've tidied up the house."

With or without a roof, Memphis State's house is in pretty good order.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF



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9

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5 GEORGETOWN

Georgetown has a great transition team. Yet its transition from the end of last season to the beginning of this one was rocky—even tragic. Three players, including talented Forward Anthony Jones, left school. Freshman Michael Graham had to attend a special summer program to attain a high school diploma and raise his grade point average to the required 2.0. And this fall the mothers of two players, centers Patrick Ewing (below) and Ralph Dalton, died within six weeks of one another.

"One day you're telling a kid how to post up," says Hoyas Coach John Thompson, "and the next day you're talking to him about selecting a casket for his mother."

But, as Thompson adds, "Life goes on. You're still trying to get ready for a season, still trying to get ready for school, still trying to manage your emotions."

Thompson has all five starters returning from last season's 22-10 squad, plus several reserves who will demand—and get—playing time. "We go from baseline to baseline," Thompson says, "and press all game. You have to have players to do that."

It may not hurt at all that Jones has transferred to the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, because it clears some of the congestion at small forward. Thompson says the only certain starters are Ewing, a junior, and Point Guard Fred Brown, who missed 15 games last year with an ailing knee; Brown is one of just two seniors on the squad. Sophomores David Wingate and Michael Jackson both made last year's Big East all-rookie team, but Jackson, a guard, will miss some early games with a dislocated shoulder. Wingate is likely to start at shooting guard.

The Hoyas need to improve their rebounding. Though Ewing led the Big East in that department with 10.2 a game, Georgetown was outrebounded in conference play. Junior Bill Martin, who started every game last year, mostly at strong forward, may move to the other forward, allowing either the 6' 11" Dalton or the 6' 9" Graham to join the frontcourt. "Michael is an excellent natural rebounder and inside

player," Thompson says. "He's also very green. If he's able to work in there simultaneously with Patrick, it will have an Ed Spriggs kind of effect. When Eddie was here Patrick's freshman year, he could get things done while people were boxing-out Patrick and leaving him free."

Georgetown's best freshman is Reggie Williams, who was regarded by many experts as last year's top high school player. Williams averaged 25.3 points and 12 rebounds a game for Dunbar High of Baltimore. "Before he's finished here, he might be the most versatile player we've ever had," Thompson says. No. 2 Point Guard Gene Smith adds, "He's 6' 7" and handles the ball as well as I do."

The Hoyas haven't forgotten how to play defense. Last year opponents shot only 43.4% from the field. Defense starts with Ewing, who blocked 106 shots, forced adjustment in the trajectory of countless others and was named Big East Defensive Player of the Year for the second time.

Ewing made the Pan Am team earlier this year, although he then bowed out to take a summer-school Spanish class. A fine arts major, he promised his mother he would graduate, and he remains on schedule. Between classes and his work as a Congressional

intern, Ewing kept basketball active by leading a team called 1789 to the Jabbo Kenner summer league title in Georgetown. Ewing's frontcourt teammates were Williams and Graham.

Last season Ewing scored 17.7 points a game and shot 62.9% from the field, but he should be an even more potent source this year. "I don't think teams will have the luxury of collapsing on Ewing as they did last year," says Boston College Coach Gary Williams.

"We want to get baskets off transition," Thompson says. "Our defense is predicated on that. We press so we can run. I'm not as concerned about opponents collapsing on Patrick as much as

whether we play good defense, get the ball and run. Then you don't give the other team a chance to collapse. We didn't respond well to those defenses at times last year because we weren't experienced enough with that kind of situation." The Hoyas have that experience now. And with Brown fit, Williams added to the outside arsenal and Ewing more mature, they may have an inside path to Seattle.

—BRUCE ANDERSON



THE COMPUTER AND SPORTS

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Last May, Oakland A's Manager Steve Boros faced one of those dilemmas that bedevil baseball managers from spring to fall. Dwayne Murphy, a usually exemplary hitter, was slumping badly. So much so that Boros considered moving him from fourth to fifth or sixth in the batting order for an upcoming game against the Detroit Tigers and Pitcher Dan Petry. Ah, but not so fast. First Boros consulted his computer. And what it told him—that Murphy had gone five-for-nine against Petry in 1982—convinced him to leave Murphy just where he was. Smart call. In the fifth inning, with the score 4-4 and the bases loaded, Murphy hit a grand slam homer to put the game out of reach. "The computer," says Boros, "gave me the crucial information I needed to make the decision to stick with Murphy."

Casey Stengel, who once said the secret to managing was keeping the five guys who hate you away from the five who are undecided, would probably have lost his dentures over that. But computers are here to stay in sports and they are helping shape the decisions that a scant decade ago were left exclusively to humans. Indeed, we are on the threshold, it we haven't crossed it already, of a new era—an era of Brave New Sports.

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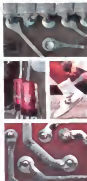
- An analysis of computer-generated graphics and statistics convinced the Chicago White Sox to move home plate at Comiskey Park forward by eight feet in the hopes of producing more Sox home runs than opponents' home runs.
- Athletic-shoe companies, tennis racket makers and golf club manufacturers are just a few of those who rely on computer analysis to design

lighter, stronger and much better made sports equipment.

- Coaches have obtained vital statistics on velocity and acceleration from a computer that records elapsed time as a bobsled plunges past photo-sensor lights on the walls of the run.
- In December, fishermen will be able to consult a new \$500 lure-selector computer that will analyze such prevailing conditions as season, hour of day and water depth and suggest an appropriate lure.
- The U.S. Men's Volleyball Team has enlisted the computer to spot trends in the game plans of its opponents, and develop counter strategies. In 1978, the U.S. men's team finished 19th in the world. It is now co-ranked No. 2 as it prepares to enter the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles.
- Thoroughbred racehorse trainer Darrell Venna maintains X-rays, drug, vaccination, dental and shoeing records on his computer for some 70 horses in his care. Venna simply punches a few buttons and he can tell whether a horse due to race at Hollywood Park or Santa Anita on the following day needs special blinkers or a flat bit.

And that's just the tip of the silicon chip. Computers both large and small are invading all parts of the sports world, offering quick-fix wizardry for coaches, space-age diagnostic capabilities for team doctors and trainers, down-to-the-neck-size scouting reports for general managers, and easily managed programs for amateur athletes who want to improve their games.

There isn't a major sports league in the country that hasn't embraced the computer. The National Hockey League's in-house system handles ac-



THE COMPUTER AND SPORTS

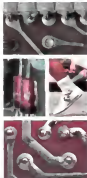


Oakland's computer advised Manager Boros to keep Murphy batting cleanup against Tiger pitcher Petry

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THE COMPUTER AND SPORTS

counting, insurance, pensions, expenses, airline schedules and can even update league statistics quickly. The National Basketball Association now enlists the computer to monitor its new collective bargaining agreement, which places a salary cap on team payrolls; next year, it will keep track of constantly shifting salaries for 23 teams, effectively determining whether prospective trades can be completed. The Major Indoor Soccer League's Ft. Lauderdale Strikers use a computer to churn out press releases. Last season, after selling playoff tickets in advance, the Strikers were eliminated in the quarterfinal. The computer quickly determined which season-ticket holders were due refunds. The Los Angeles Forum's new computer system can neatly handle ticket assignments for some 50 different seating configurations, including those for the Kings, Lakers, Strings and Lakers. It also enables Josh Rosenfeld, the Lakers public relations director, to save an estimated 30 hours a week updating all of the team statistics.

The Milwaukee Bucks' computer system boasts a 12-pound custom-made keyboard that enables an operator to record every action—assists, turnovers, steals, rebounds—by each player during the game. The computer keeps second-by-second tabs on individual and team cumulative stats and flashes them to the media via five to 20 monitors.

The National Football League, the NBA, major league baseball and numerous independent subscribers (including *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*) obtain data from the Elias Sports Bureau, which began using computers in 1962. Open 19 hours daily, seven days a week, Elias crunches millions of numbers weekly and monitors a dizzying array of

roster changes from game to game (this season the NFL will experience the greatest player turnover in its history). All this makes Elias—and its computer—the record keeper of note. When the Detroit Tigers chalked up 10 straight hits in the first inning last September 20, a club representative called Elias to determine if the streak was considered valid despite a base on balls. Yes, said Elias, and a quick look at a computer record book revealed that the Tigers had just tied a record for the most consecutive hits in an inning. "These are just games—it's not an exact science," says Seymour Swoff, who founded the sports bureau 35 years ago. "But the computer has enabled us to do things we couldn't do before. When professionals harness this magic machine, the possibilities are unlimited."

While professional teams have discovered just how unlimited those possibilities are in the areas of scouting prospects, game strategy and player injuries and their prevention, individual athletes have begun to reap the rewards of computer wisdom. One of sports' greatest "computerphiles" is 1983 U.S. Tennis Open winner, Martina Navratilova, who has been training with a computer for more than a year. While Jimmy Connors, the other 1983 U.S. Open winner, has labeled the use of computers for strategizing tennis as "unnecessary," Navratilova is determined to become the tour's best-conditioned woman—and she's using the computer to do it. "Martina respects the computer," says Dr. Robert Haas, her nutritionist. "She will be the first example of what I think will be a new breed of athlete."

The computer has tailored anaerobic and aerobic exercises to the characteristics of her muscles and has painstakingly monitored her diet. In



Computers tell Martina Navratilova what to eat, when and how to exercise—but not how to volley



Cyclists can check their heart-rate readouts by attaching an inexpensive computer to their handlebars

fact, it has transformed her blood chemistry by prescribing a special diet low in fat and protein and high in carbohydrates—that has given her a blood composition similar to that of a child's and helped Martina boost her on-court reaction time. "The diet I'm on can keep me nutritionally balanced so I'll be capable of winning Wimbledon when I'm 40," says Navratilova.

As with pro teams, the computer prepares her for the opposition by pinpointing her rivals' tendencies. "Players revert to certain patterns under pressure," says Haas. "Once you know a player's weakness, or five weaknesses, that's enough to beat her." Navratilova has yet to use the computer's tendency analysis for every match, reserving it only for special preparation. "It will take time before it's a major factor," she says. "It has only helped me prepare for matches against top competitors. But the computer can't do it all for you. As in any sport, you still must execute well to beat your opponent."

Still, the computer, programmed to monitor daily changes in Navratilova's body condition, is a gifted taskmaster, designing workouts with a keen electronic eye to winning. "She's programmed to get the most out of her body," says Haas.

Despite Connors' purported skepticism, other tennis pros will undoubtedly follow Navratilova's lead, especially as the computer continues to illuminate the nooks and crannies of tennis technique. Computer analysis, for instance, has shown that jumping when serving slows your shot rather than quickens it, with your back leg off the ground you lose energy.

Driven to keep up with the competition, bicyclists are now pedaling into the computer age. They resort to such devices as ergometers—

high-tech digital pacing computers—to hone riding techniques, stay on schedule during long races, and to give them heart-rate readouts. Bicycling whiz John Marino had such a device mounted on his handlebars for monitoring purposes during his four crossings of the U.S. "It becomes your coach, your incentive and your feedback," he says. During last August's coast-to-coast ride across the United States, a grueling 10-day trek from Santa Monica to Atlantic City, cyclists were in the saddle up to 20 hours a day. "In order to cover 300 miles a day," says Marino, "a rider must maintain roughly 14.9 miles per hour—counting rest breaks, stops, headwinds and tailwinds. The only way to keep yourself on schedule is to have something very accurate right on your handlebars." That something is a computer.

Runners, too, are flocking to the computer—literally. The New York Road Runners Club recently invested more than \$300,000 in an elaborate computer system to keep track of approximately 20,000 entrants in the New York Marathon. It times runners, prints out their results, determines winners in each age group, and furnishes standings to the media shortly after the race. "It's no big deal to do this if you have two or three days," says Al Burgess of the firm that developed the system, "but the club has only two or three hours to get the first results to the papers."

Marathon runners have long taken advantage of the diagnostic ambulatory recorder, a portable computerized device that on the last expedition to Mt. Everest recorded climbers' heart rhythms. This is the same creation once used to compare the heartbeats of runner Marty Liquori and entertainer Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*. "Liquori's resting heartbeat per minute was 38 and Carson's was 80—which is good," recalls Mike



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Hazel of Oxford MedLog Inc. in Clearwater, Fla. At the end of three minutes of jogging Carson reached 160 while Liquori was at a remarkably low 90, a result attributable to Liquori's incredible heart strength.

A diagnostic ambulatory recorder has also been used to measure stress in Indianapolis 500 drivers. Analyzing race data over a 24-hour period—and detailing heart function—it can predict potential problems and help doctors upgrade a driver's overall fitness.

Perhaps nowhere in the U.S. have individual athletes benefited more from computers than at the U.S. Olympic Center in Colorado Springs, where some \$500,000 worth of computer equipment analyzes everything from the rotation of a shotputter's delivery to the speed, strength and endurance of the joints of women volleyball players. "Computers give you information the eye can't see," says Dr. Gideon Anel, who as chairman of the Sports Medicine Council for the USOC is employing a fantastic array of computer wizardry to boost our Olympic athletes to new levels of achievement. "I can tell Al Oerter [discus gold-medalist] to try something, but I check it out on the computer to make sure I know what I'm talking about. Ten years ago, Oerter would have had to spend 10 years just experimenting."

Trainers can now spot athletes' weaknesses by the process of "digitizing," the expression of human motion in computer language. As high-speed film of a performance is projected frame by frame, the placement of each joint is marked on a special computerized graph. The coordinates are

fed into a computer, which indicates the degree and force of acceleration on various parts of the body. The results can help modify technique. For instance, race walker Leonard Jansen boosted his speed and endurance by increasing hip roll and decreasing the energy expended by his arms. Olympic discus champion Mac Wilkins set a world record after Anel observed that he used too much speed in one sequence of his spin.

Another marvel is a computerized weight machine that, unlike traditional models, says its creator, Dr. Anel, "adapts to you rather than you to it." Developing an exercise regimen for a long jumper, a trainer might use digitizing to obtain a profile of a super long jumper—perhaps Carl Lewis—to serve as a training model. "The computer tells you how much strength, how much speed is necessary to achieve super levels," says Anel. "Then you program the computerized weight machine to simulate the motions a long jumper uses in his sport, and you set it at a pitch that will push the athlete to optimum levels." On traditional weight machines, an athlete reaches a sticking point at which he can go no further. Anel's machine, however, lets him proceed but records where he encountered difficulty and, over time, increases the intensity of the workout at precisely the point where the athlete was weakest. "The computer," says Anel simply, "thus helps you identify talent, train it, compare it to other talent—then improve it."

Another computer gem used by U.S. Olympians is an 18" x 20" platform which measures biomechanical force by means of a tablet studded with



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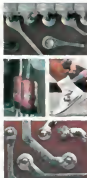
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sensors that feed data on minute pressure changes to a microcomputer. Step on the platform and put the shot, toss the discus or otherwise throw your weight around, and the computer will tell you how to adjust your movement for better results. The platform might discover, say, that a shotputter could improve his performance by placing more weight on his left heel at the beginning of his motion.

This same device is also employed by an athletic-shoe manufacturer to test shoe designs; the Norwegian Rifle Team uses it to assess accuracy; Boston's Children's Hospital has its doctors use it to judge gait disorders; and the Dallas Cowboys began testing kickers with it two years ago and they now employ the platform in conjunction with a program to help them measure performance, plan training and chart progress.

Despite such high-powered technology, we may actually trail the Europeans in the application of computers to some sports. For instance, in the spring of 1977 the East Germans reportedly began using a special argometer for rowing. By placing a sensor on the oarlock pin to measure stress as rowers stroked, they obtained a computer-generated curve of the power stroke. This, in turn, is flashed on an oscilloscope visible to the rowers. A simple next step is to determine the model stroke of the country's best rowers, and train other rowers to match it. "If we used such a device," says Peter Mallory, former U.S. national rowing coach, "we might find that the strongest eight consists of rowers with identical power curves. It would be incredibly easy to do."

If you think that computers are simply nifty toys for the world-class athlete, be advised that they

are moving out of the big leagues and into amateur sports. Vic Braden, a leading tennis-teaching pro, has been using computers since the early '70s to analyze the form of amateurs and pros alike. And the same principles that guide Martina Navratilova's court preparation can be tailored for any amateur with a computer. Analyzing volleying technique, placement and the success rate of various serves and returns, the computer could generate a killer game plan. One such program already exists. Reportedly using such a program, Greg Holmes, an obscure pro once 297th on the tennis tour, upset No. 6-ranked Guillermo Vilas.

And golf enthusiasts, like their tennis counterparts, are beginning to sing the praises of computers as a training tool. Chicago golf pro Randy McPherson teaches clinics with the aid of a \$500 personal computer that reads impulses from sensors placed beneath the ball. And last Christmas a large department store catalogue offered the first computer golf program designed for the general public.

If your technique is really shaky, the computer might be just the golf pro to put your game in order, helping you adjust things that even a practiced eye can't see. By viewing computer-generated stick figures that illustrate his motion on a screen, a golfer could analyze his form, swing and relationship to the ball. The computer might discover that his club-head velocity is too slow when he hits the ball or that his wrists are too far behind it on the approach.

Weekend athletes now use personal computers to maintain records for local bowling leagues, golf handicaps and Little League batting statistics. Already on the market is a computer which



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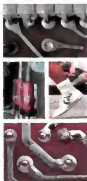
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can maintain the statistics of up to 20 teams and 50 players. And it can calculate handicaps, track scorecard errors, maintain player records on all courses and determine the ideal tee-off order to quicken the league's speed of play.

Computers have also altered forever the nature of the mind games we play, having already beaten some of the world's best chess players. Professor Edward Fredkin of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, an expert in electronics and computer science, has proposed a prize to the person who comes up with a computer program that captures the World Chess Championship. Computers that play chess are now commonplace, and one even communicates moves in any of four languages. Most computer chess games play below the expert level, yet they are becoming ever more complex. A computer examining 40 possible moves and projecting just four turns ahead must mull over 2,560,000 possibilities!

The computer may also prove to be a friend indeed to those not averse to laying a little cash on the NFL's Sunday slate or the seventh race at Aqueduct. Existing programs offer an edge to bettors, though how much of one depends on the information given the computer. One such program is designed to beat the weekly football spread—and it has accurately predicted the winners of 12 of 14 NFL playoff games last season. The program doesn't just predict winners, though. In the USFL, it beat the spread—the margin of victory—for 50 of 88 games and for all playoff matchups. The creator claims its performance last season was one or two games a week better than the New York betting line. And when the professional bookies learn that their customers can pick

games at home? "I strongly suspect the bookies will buy themselves a copy and use it, too," says the designer.

Another program offers horse handicappers computer convenience. The designer watched 8,000 horse races, then designed a list of factors essential to picking winners at the track. It is claimed that if the program is used conservatively—and if data is correctly entered—users can expect up to a 46% success rate. But they must be in constant touch with the track. Failure to enter race results daily will reduce the program's effectiveness.

As computers become a greater part of the fabric of American sport—and they assuredly will—more and more sportsmen will begin writing their own programs. Gamblers will develop more elaborate ways to beat the odds. A program to help you select what golf club to use in a given situation can't be far off. Bowlers could start hitting the pins with greater regularity by consulting a computer that analyzes foot placement, stride, ball positioning and hook and offers a lane-by-lane assessment of a bowler's ability.

As the fitness boom accelerates, computers have begun their march into health clubs and company training facilities. The Houston offices of Terneco boast a 25,000-square-foot computerized health-and-fitness center developed for the free use of the company's 3,600 local employees. Employees exercise, then enter the nature and duration of their workout into one of six terminals. The screen flashes a computation of calorie usage, and the data is logged in a memory bank. Employees are mailed a monthly computerized report—similar to a bank statement—that



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summarizes the month's activities and total calorie burn, reprints the previous month's results for comparison and issues cumulative figures for the year. When an employee's birthday rolls around, the computer automatically sends a congratulatory letter—and a gentle reminder that a fitness update is due. "This system helps us give our people motivational support and feedback," says Mark Landgreen, the company's manager of health and fitness. "And the computer enables the staff to identify those who are the low achievers—those who need the extra pushing and assistance to stick with their exercises."

A similar program has begun to pop up at health clubs. It calculates your fitness by analyzing treadmill scores, strength and flexibility readings and body composition tests, and compares the results to the norms for your age and sex. Then it designs a week-by-week exercise program to boost your fitness level. Like Tenneco's system, it enables you to log in exercise data and receive a daily and monthly summary of activity and calorie expenditure. It will also analyze your eating habits and suggest modifications; tailor a diet to your needs, enabling you to drop two pounds a week; or design a special regimen for you if you're diabetic.

Runners and bicyclists lacking access to such high-tech hardware can monitor their fitness with a special six-ounce device worn on the hip that tracks pulse rate, speed and distance traveled and spits out a calories-burned reading. It can be programmed to pace you, emitting a low warning signal when you're underexercising and a high warning signal when you're overdoing it.

Computers have been gaining yardage in the

sports field at such a mindboggling clip that what their limits are is anybody's guess. One thing is certain—we haven't found them yet. As Cowboy president Tex Schramm said recently when Dallas installed a master computer to coordinate the functions of the team's other computers, "We have the reputation of being a cold, computerized organization. We're going to get even colder."

But what is rapidly becoming apparent is that the computer is anything but cold and threatening. Indeed, athletes themselves are taking the computer out of the arena and into their homes. New York Ranger Don Maloney, who interns with a Wall Street auctions specialist, recently enrolled in an introductory computer course at Pace University, then bought his own computer. "I want to be in on the ground floor," he says. "I'll eventually use it to stay abreast of the market." Indy racer Bill Alsop keeps mileage records of his cars' engines and parts on his computer, and his wife recently co-composed a cookbook on it. Martina Navratilova fully expects to use the computer when her playing days are behind her. "I can see the time," she says, "when the computer will become very important to me for things other than tennis."

And forget rumblings that the computer will render coaches obsolete. They're not ready to relinquish their fiefdoms just yet. "The computer is a magnificent tool," says Los Angeles Express Coach Hugh Campbell, "but if you live and die by the computer you can lose your feel for the game." Computers won't replace scouts and coaches; they'll simply make them more effective. "The day computers do the managing," says White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa, "is the day



Tenneco employees can use the company health club and then compute the number of calories burned

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machines will be playing the game." Even Steve Boros, baseball's computer maven, purposely ignores the computer's advice on occasion, preferring to leave a struggling player in the lineup against the computer's advice, simply to show confidence in the man.

With coaches still firmly in the picture, we can expect some more computer wizardry before the end of the decade. The day may come when election to the Hall of Fame will be decided not by a contentious rabble of sportswriters but by a descendant of today's computers.

The Cowboys' Gil Brandt envisages a time, perhaps in the near future, when scouts will keyboard their reports directly to the main computer using a modem—a device that transmits computer data over telephone lines. This would permit team officials to review reports as much as two weeks earlier than they do now.

And just think what a boon the computer will be to negotiating free agents. When the owner ranks a player 210th in second-and-10 long bombs, he can counter with a trusty computer printout that shows he led the league in reeling the blitz in third-and-seven situations. Conversely, the teams can get a better read on players before they invest. For instance, it might have shown the Yankees that while Steve Kemp could indeed clobber homers to left centerfield in Detroit, similar homers would fall short in Yankee Stadium.

Hank Stram, former Kansas City Chiefs coach, predicts that by the end of the '80s assistant coaches on the sidelines will hunker over computer terminals during games, rules permitting, to crank out information on opposition tendencies.

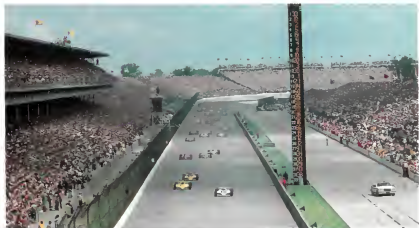
In the works is a software package that will per-

mit TV viewers to summon up baseball stats to see how a player hits against righties or handles hard grounders to left, it will also predict the outcome of the next play.

Computer-controlled sensors aboard race cars at the Indianapolis 500, which has used computers since the early '70s principally to tabulate standings, will soon be able to monitor position and lap counts, says Art Graham, director of scoring and timing for the U.S. Auto Club, sanctioning body of the race. Fans will then be able to track the race more accurately than ever. "They could have a handheld radio receiver that looks like a pocket calculator," Graham says. "With this they could obtain a continuous standing for all cars, or they could keyboard a specific request that only information on their favorite car be shown."

Eventually, computers may create new versions of traditional sports. For instance, they could add intriguing wrinkles to car relays by issuing each entrant different checkpoints, some of which would be illegal for other drivers. The computer would log in competitors as they ran through each checkpoint and keep track of times, finally computing a winner at the end of the relay—the only time anyone would know just who the leader is.

As fantastic as all this sounds, none of it is fantasy. The power of the electronic mind will eventually touch every athlete, coach and fan—and it will continue to change the face of sport. Yet computer's era still mere infants in the locker room. "The biggest thing about getting into computers," says Seymour Swoff of the Elias Sports Bureau, "is that it never ends. We're on the ground floor, but we're on the elevator going up."



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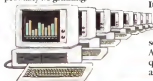


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6 LOUISVILLE

Louisville Guard Lancaster Gordon (below) spent the summer working for a local Pepsi bottler, helping to stage Pepsi Challenge taste tests. It's the type of job you take to easily if you're accustomed to being thought of as No. 2, and you're certain you'd be No. 1 if only people knew a little bit more about you.

So it is for the Cardinals in the basketball-mad state of Kentucky. Louisville's archrival, the University of Kentucky, opened practice at the stroke of midnight on Oct. 15, at an annual happening called "Cats on the Run at 12:01" that drew about 11,000 spectators. The Cards were quite content to wait until daylight. "We can't practice at one minute past midnight," Louisville Assistant Coach Jerry Jones explains. "Our kids don't get in that early."

This is an exaggerated way of saying that Louisville has more fun. "It's something we've got over other teams," says backup Guard Jeff Hall, a rare avian among the Cards in that he is an outside shooter from the coal country of Eastern Kentucky—normally Wildcat territory. "We play a loose style of ball, and Coach [Denny] Crum lets us be creative." Off the court this team isn't as creative as the bunch that proclaimed "The 'Ville is going to the 'Nap" before winning the 1980 NCAA title in Indianapolis. "We don't have a poem or a riddle or any special handshake," says Gordon, the team's senior leader. "We're not rhythmic and high-fivin' anymore."

But they're continuing the tradition of winning. Since its title year, Louisville has made two more trips to the Final Four simply by adhering to Crum's philosophy of covering all 94 feet of the floor with 40 minutes worth of 6' 6" lightning.

Gone are Scooter and Rodney McCray, the fraternal forwards who took the Cards to a 94-81 semifinal dunkfest loss to Houston in Albuquerque last March. "They led us in just about every stat except scoring, and that was because they led us in assists," says Crum. "Show me another team where

the forwards, especially senior forwards, led in assists." Sorry, Denny, can't.

Back are the guards—Milt Wagner, who averaged 14.4 points a game, and Gordon (13.7)—who did the scoring. If it seems that some serious role reversal is going on here, you're catching on. "We teach all our kids to play several positions, and we do a lot of exchanging," Crum says. "It makes it a lot harder to play defense against us." Case in point: 6' 8" Charles Jones, the only senior on the team except Gordon. Jones, nominally a center, loves to drift outside. From there,

he'll face the basket, draw his man out of the middle and slip passes to teammates darting through the vacant lane. His defensive philosophy is similarly made-out. "I try to force them farther out on the floor than they're used to," Jones says, "so they won't have an opportunity to go around me." The other option—shooting over the Pooh-Bah from Scobba (Miss.)—isn't recommended, either. Jones snuffed a team-high 82 shots last season.

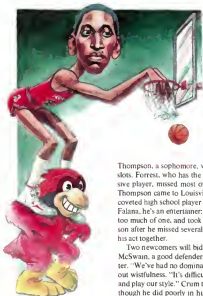
Holdovers Manuel Forrest, a junior, and Billy

Thompson, a sophomore, will get first dibs at the McCrays' slots. Forrest, who has the potential to be a splendid offensive player, missed most of last season with a knee injury. Thompson came to Louisville from New Jersey as the most coveted high school player in the land. Like his cousin, Lola Falana, he's an entertainer: some teammates thought he was too much of one, and took to calling him World B. Thompson after he missed several dunks last season. Now he's got his act together.

Two newcomers will bid for time up front: Forward Mark McSwain, a good defender, and 6' 11" Center Barry Sumpter. "We've had no dominant center here," Crum says without wishfulness. "It's difficult to find a 7-footer who can run and play our style." Crum thinks Sumpter can do both, even though he did poorly in high school all-star games and had to play for three different coaches at Lovejoy (Ill.) High. Another forward, 6' 6" sophomore Robbsie Valentine, is Crum's defensive stopper.

Louisville's rematch with Kentucky this Saturday in Lexington ought to be subtitled the Coke Challenge, in light of Pepsi's 80-68 defeat of Coke in overtime last March at the Midstate Regional final. The 'Ville has obviously had its fill of being No. 2 in its state. Anyway, says Gordon, "We drink orange juice after practice." At Louisville, there's no such thing as a day without sunshine.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF



7 LOUISIANA STATE

About 25 years ago a 23-year-old coach at a North Dakota high school, hungry to learn more about the game, drove down to Kansas State to observe one of Tex Winter's practices. Winter was in the middle stages of a 36-year career that would make him one of the most respected coaches in the business. Before becoming head coach at K-State, he'd been at Marquette; he later would coach the University of Washington, the NBA's Houston Rockets, Northwestern and Long Beach State, from which he retired after last season. Winter befriended the young high school coach, and the relationship blossomed.

Like Winter, his visitor eventually won a national Coach of the Year award and took a team to the Final Four. And last spring Dale Brown, the erstwhile protégé, lured his former mentor out of his brief retirement with an offer to become an assistant at LSU. "It pays to be nice to people on your way up," Winter says. "You never know who'll help you on your way down. I'm not exactly on my way down, but I am on my way out."

For the first hour of every practice, Brown's Tigers are exposed to the lion in Winter as he covers fundamentals. Brown admits that LSU, which is loaded with raw young talent, can use extra work in this area; he also admits that he can't devote as much time to it as he would like. "Coach Brown is sometimes so intense and anxious to move on that he skips over the smaller things that Coach Winter will catch," says John Tudor, the Tigers' captain.

Winter's first task has been to try to teach someone to play center. Last season LSU won eight of its last 10 SEC games and finished 19-13 overall, but Brown was never satisfied with the pivot play of Rich (Standstill) Stanfel, who has since transferred to Ohio University, or Steffond Johnson, who was inconsistent and eventually benched. Leonard Mitchell (above), a 6' 7" forward, was forced to play the post. With 6' 9" recruit Tom Curry redshirted for academic reasons, the 6' 8½" Johnson will get another shot. "You might say Steffond is my personal project," says Winter, who wrote the book on post play (*The Triple-Post Offense*, Prentice-Hall, 1962).

LSU is deep and talented everywhere else. Tudor, the senior off-guard, has a silver-spoon background but a lunch-bucket attitude. Speedy senior Johnny Jones will probably yield his point position as the man who makes the Tigers

GEALX (which is how the bumper stickers spell it in Baton Rouge) to Derrick Taylor. He averaged 14.8 points and 3.2 assists as a freshman in 1981-82, but then frittered away his academic eligibility in a video arcade.

"When you first come here and you're 17 years old, you tend to want to do anything but study," says Taylor, who has since gotten a 3.25 GPA. His return, plus the elimination of the 45-second shot clock for the last four minutes of every SEC game, promises the resurrection of LSU's 3-2 spread delay.

In previous seasons, the Tigers' pause scratched many an opponent. "Having a clock really was a handicap for us last season," says Brown. "We'd perfected the delay so it wasn't just a spread. We turned it into an offense. It had a tendency to get us back to being a patient team late in games." Adds Tudor, "Eight out of 10 times it works to our advantage. A team like ours is so explosive, sometimes we need to watch ourselves."

A fast and funky front line will score most of LSU's points. Jerry (Ice) Reynolds, one of the SEC's two best freshmen by the end of last season, calls his jump shot "24-7-365," because, "It's good 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year." Even so, he seems

to prefer dazzling drives. Mitchell has been named to the All-SEC team the last two seasons. In 1982-83 he led the Tigers in rebounds, blocked shots and shooting and was second in scoring. Sophomore Don Redden, who shot well before separating his left shoulder in a collision last December with Mitchell, is also back to form.

The top freshman is Forward Nikita Francisco Wilson, described by one wag as "a trilateral summit conference." He began his senior

year at Leesville (La.) High unloved by one scouting service and ended it in the nationwide Top 10 of another. Damon Vance, a 6' 10½" freshman from California who will require lots of Winter's attention, is another possibility in the middle.

"I start every day like I'm planting the flag at Iwo Jima," says Brown. It's this kind of overdrive that will make the calm Winter so useful to the Tigers—and could motivate LSU to plant a flag or two of its own this season.

—ALEXANDER WOLFF



8 MICHIGAN STATE

In the four seasons since 6' 8" Magic Johnson left the Great Lake State to become a great Laker, Michigan State hasn't even gone to the NCAA tournament, much less repeated its 1979 title-winning performance. The Spartans should take the Big Ten championship and return to the NCAA tournament this season, led by a 6' 8" guy from Los Angeles named Johnson (below). Fair is fair.

This one's first name is Ken, not Earvin, and the 240-pound transfer from USC joins all five starters from the Spartans' 17-13 NIT team of a year ago. "We have proven players at every position," Coach Jud Heathcote says. "We've struggled since Earvin left. This is where we always like to be."

To be precise, they will be there when they start the Big Ten schedule against Iowa on Jan. 4, when Johnson, a forward, becomes eligible. "So many people have been building Ken up, I told him he's going to have to change clothes in a phone booth," Heathcote says. Two years ago as a freshman, Johnson averaged 9.5 points and nearly eight rebounds a game and led the Pac-10 in blocked shots (43), but he liked neither the one-dimensional low-post role that Trojan Coach Stan Morrison laid out for him, nor the quick whistles of the conference referees. "The Big Ten is known for a lot of physical contact," Johnson says. "In the Pac-10, I'd check a guy and get called for a foul."

Johnson joins a team loaded with quality and experience. The Spartans have the best guard tandem in the conference in sophomore Scott Skiles and junior Sam Vincent, and the Big Ten's leading rebounder (9.6 per game last season) and most accurate shooter (.596) in senior Center Kevin Willis. The 6' 1", 190-pound Skiles was the Big Ten Freshman of the Year in 1982-83, though Heathcote calls him "a short, fat kid who can't run and has no quickness." But Heathcote quickly adds, "What Scott has is an instinct for the game and great competitiveness."

Skiles also has a take-charge attitude that occasionally rubbed some teammates the wrong way last season. "It's not so much that I like running the offense," Skiles says. "It's what I have to do to play."

Skiles followed up his 1982-83 Michigan State performance—12.5 points and 4.9 assists per game—by winning first-team all-tournament honors at the National Sports Festi-



tival over the summer. Vincent turned down a summer basketball tour of Asia to stay on campus for some star-studded four-on-four at Jenison Field House. His courtmates included such NBA and former Midwestern collegiate notables as his brother Jay, the former Big Ten MVP while at Michigan State; Magic and his '79 sidekick Greg Kelsey; Isaiah Thomas, who led Indiana to the 1981 championship; and Mark Aguirre, the former Player of the Year from DePaul.

Vincent wasn't happy about being moved off the point to make room for Skiles last season, but he responded with 16.6 points per game. "Give the ball to Vincent, clear out of his way, and he'll get you a basket," says Illinois Assistant Coach Bob Hull. Vincent's goal this season is improved defense. "There are some little things I picked up over the summer," Vincent says. "I understand defense better. I'm concentrating much more."

Lack of concentration was the biggest rap last year against Willis, who nonetheless picked up his second consecutive Most Improved Player award from his coaches. "He's still in the developmental stage of his game," says Heathcote. "He's a better athlete than he is a basketball player." The 7-foot, 225-pound Willis won the annual preseason Spartan Mile against his teammates, with a time of 4:54, and as often as not, he'll rebound to start the fast break and then sprint down the court to finish it.

Heathcote gets excited when he talks about Willis combining underneath with Johnson. "This is the first time in the eight seasons I've been here that we have a power forward and a genuine center," he says. Heathcote plans to put Johnson in the middle of the Spartans' renowned matchup zone, with Willis on the wing. When those two are joined by 205-pound defensive specialist Ben Tower, the Spartans will, as Johnson puts it, "have some meat inside."

Heathcote also has a few other options at the forward opposite Johnson. In addition to Tower, he can also call on two other experienced players, sophomore Patrick Ford, who provides quickness and scoring, and junior Larry Pole, who can do a little bit of everything.

"I sense a quiet confidence," Heathcote says. That should change quickly, however, when the crowd gets cranked up in Jenison, one of the few remaining barns among the nation's arenas. The Spartans don't have Magic this year, but they may have magic.

—EVAN MASEL

9 MARYLAND

Turtle figurines, about 30 of them in a variety of sizes, are scattered about the office of Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell. There are 10 black ones on his desk alone, gifts that Red Auerbach brought from China, where they were used as weights on opium scales.

Driesell likes his collection of mock turtles, but not as much as he treasures the 12 Terrapins back from last year's 20-10 team. During the regular season they beat NCAA champ N.C. State twice and UCLA, North Carolina and Notre Dame once each. Driesell has added two talented baby turtles, freshmen Guard Keith (Smooth) Gatlin and Forward Terry Long.

The oldest Terp, Lefty, is back, too, of course, even though two Maryland newspapers called for his resignation last March after he phoned a student to encourage her to drop sexual misconduct charges against Forward Herman Veal. The school placed Veal on probation, and the chancellor reprimanded Driesell.

Though Driesell has averaged 20 victories a season in his 14 years at Maryland, the four ACC championship banners that hang in Cole Field House all belong to the Terps' women's team. And the sad fact is that Lefty has seen can't-miss teams come up short before. It happened just three years ago when he welcomed back another entire team. "When Albert King was a junior we won the ACC in the regular season," he says. "The next year that entire team returned, and finished fourth. I've reminded our guys of that." Still, the players' expectations run high. "We have a slogan this year," says senior Guard Steve Rivers, "Final Four in '84."

Lefty will buy that. "I like expectations," he says. "It bothers me when we're not in the preseason Top 10, because then maybe people think we're not that good."

To make sure everyone knew that Maryland has its share of thoroughbreds, most notable among them Swingman Adrian Branch (above) and Center Ben Coleman, the team picture was going to include real horses. It was canceled when someone said nay.

The Terps started slowly last season, and any equanimity they had attained by late in the season was shattered by Veal's troubles. Maryland lost three of the four games it had to play without Veal, its best defensive player. This season he seems unaffected by the turmoil, say teammates. Veal, on the other hand, says nothing to the public, having made a vow of silence.

The Terps' strength, literally, is Coleman, the 6'9", 220-pound post man who can bench 315 pounds and is probably the most powerful center in the ACC. Coleman transferred to Maryland from Minnesota, where he was stuck behind Randy Breuer, the Milwaukee Bucks' No. 1 draft pick this year. Driesell calls Coleman "a banger and a knocker." Teammates call him Big Ben. Branch says, "Sometimes I just get caught up in watching him being so graceful and so talented doing his thing." Last season Coleman's thing included finishing second in the conference in shooting percentage (57.1), fourth in rebounds (8.1 a game) and ninth in scoring (15.1 points a game).

Branch, unlike Coleman, will not overpower anyone, though he has finally become more Branch than sprig. "When he came here he had a hard time doing 10 pushups," Coleman says. "Now he can do 50." Branch also pumps iron in addition to putting the ball through it: He averaged 18.7 points per game last year, fourth best in the ACC.

Junior Jeff Adkins may be challenged at guard by the most breathtaking Maryland passer this side of Boomer Esiason. The North Carolina Player of the Year last season at Comley High in Greenville,

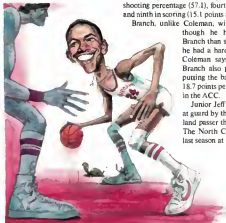
Gatlin received several calls from North Carolina Gov. James Hunt, who encouraged him to attend one of the state's four ACC schools. Gatlin decided to pass there, also.

With an added year of experience and the addition of Gatlin, who specializes in the no-look pass, Maryland's up-tempo offense

will run more smoothly this year. Defensively, Driesell says he will also use a lot of "oddball" stuff such as the box-and-one, triangle-and-two and other man-zone combinations. But for the most part the Terps will look reassuringly similar to last year's team.

Finding playing time for all his charges could be a problem for Driesell. The coach can only hope Rivers is right when he says, "There is no 'I' in team." If so, Maryland will be a team to keep an eye on.

—BRUCE ANDERSON



SCOUTING REPORTS

10 UCLA

Ten national championship banners hang in Pauley Pavilion, ever-present reminders of how things used to be—but no longer are—at UCLA. The Bruins of old had little in common with last season's team, which self-destructed in a one-on-one panic against Utah in the NCAA tournament. This brought a bitter ending to the college careers of Rod Foster, Michael Holton and Darren Daye, who as freshmen had gone to the national championship game before losing to Louisville. And when that Utah debacle was over, season-long whispers that several players were spoiled and selfish turned into headlines.

Larry Farmer knows he will be under the microscope again in his third year as coach. At UCLA, being 44-12 in two regular seasons means nothing when you are 0-1 in the tournament and your players have treated the tenets of John Wooden like so much Confederate money.

But Farmer should get a chance to improve that post-season record substantially, because UCLA, which in 1982-83 won the Pac-10 while going 23-6, has the best overall talent in the league. And it sounds as if the Bruins finally might have the chemistry to make the most of it. "This team realizes its biggest strength is that it can play together," said Farmer, who is 32 and has been at UCLA as player or coach every season but one since 1969-70. "I don't think we can go in different directions and be successful."

One man Farmer definitely wants pulling in the right direction this season is All-America senior Forward Kenny Fields (right). After an off-season of soul searching, Fields decided to forestall a pro career and dedicate himself to taking UCLA to the Final Four. "As much as Coach talked about it, last year no player realized his role," Fields says. "The seniors were thinking about their numbers, and everyone wanted to shoot. You can't win like that. It destroyed our team and our morale, and it showed to the utmost when we played Utah."

Fields was Pac-10 Player of the Year in 1982-83, but he readily admits his defense and rebounding were below par because he wasn't in shape. He impressed Farmer by trimming down from 235 to 220 through daily summer workouts with teammates Ralph Jackson and Gary Maloncon. "My main job now is to rebound," he says. "It kills me to see what I got last year [6.6 a game]. I may average only 15 or 16

points, but I feel I have to average between 10 and 12 rebounds a game."

Because he was one of the players labeled as selfish in a post-season *Los Angeles Times* article, Fields is on a mission to establish himself as team leader. "I have the killer attitude for the first time since I was a freshman," he says. "We are hungry. We aren't going to lose the first playoff game. That's just out of the question."

When it comes to hunger, 7-foot junior Center Stuart Gray probably leads the Pac-10. Not only is Gray determined to show that he can be a dominating center—he averaged just 7.7 points and 6.9 rebounds per game last season—but he has stopped eating a pizza before bedtime. "That wasn't good for me," he says. Burp.

With his new diet and an aerobics program, Gray has gone from 260 to 235 and reduced his body fat from a non-athletic 21% to 8%. Gray will have to be leaner and meaner to deal with his new role on the team, which is to score, rebound and play defense in quantity and quality. Gray realizes that, because of his "docile" image, he's on the spot again. "This team will be a success if I come along further than I did last year," he says. "The difference is, I don't doubt myself anymore."

Farmer was notably tougher on Gray in the preseason. When he caught Gray pouting during one practice session, he yelled, "What's wrong with you, Stuart? Are you mad because [a teammate] didn't pass you the ball? I won't have you out here with that attitude. Now come on and play ball." Gray got the message and began to play harder.

UCLA appears to have the right components to complement Fields and Gray. Filling out the front line will be either Maloncon or quick Swingman Nigel Miguel, both juniors. Two-year starter Jackson will man the point, secure that he's the undisputed floor leader. Alongside him, at shooting guard, will be Monte Hatcher, an All-America at Santa Monica High with a 41-inch vertical leap and zone-breaking range on his jumper. Hatcher, who decided to redshirt his freshman year because of academic reasons, wears a T shirt emblazoned TALK IS CHEAP and downplays comparisons between himself and Foster. "The only shoes that I have to fill here will be my own," he says.

But at UCLA, the shoes are always large. —JAIIE DIAZ



11 WICHITA STATE

They refinshed the basketball floor in Henry Levitt Arena this summer. In the foul lanes, workmen pushing drum sanders cut through several layers of black paint, right down to the bare wood. Then they put three coats of polyurethane on the court and painted the foul lines and borders a bright yellow. "It's pretty bright out there," Junior Guard Aubrey Sherrod said after a recent practice as a spectator fumbled for his sunglasses.

The Black Hole of Calcutta look is out. After two years on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, the Shockers are eligible for postseason play again—and looking for their place in the sun.

Last season's team was probably the Shockers' best ever. Behind senior Forward Antoine Carr, Wichita State made hash of Missouri Valley Conference opposition, winning 17 of 18 league games and finishing at 25-3 overall. Even so, the Shockers lagged in the polls, and Carr made only third-team All-America. That's what happens when you're invisible at postseason tournament time, and when your team's a pariah to the nation's coaches and sportswriters.

The Shockers basketball program seems to have come through unscathed. Levitt Arena's 10,666 seats are just about sold out for the season; Wichita fans apparently figure that the loss of Carr—and he's the only significant performer from 1982-83 to have departed—will be more than offset by the return of Sherrod and sticky-fingered junior Forward Xavier McDaniel (right), who last year led the nation in rebounding with 14.4 a game. "There's an air of excitement," says Athletic Director Lew Perkins. "We're not the bad guys of the world anymore."

It was to symbolically make this point that the basketball floor was refinshed. Pirate-black belonged to the Dark Ages; what was needed was something sunnier, something reflecting Perkins' belief that "we've paid our dues." Now the Shockers can be excited about the likelihood of an NCAA bid. "It's extremely important, a tremendous load off our kids," says Coach Gene Smithson. "Postseason play is the pinnacle of college basketball. When we made it to the final eight [in 1981], this community was electrified."

As for those who would like to have seen his probation-plagued team electrocuted, Smithson says, "No, there's no bitterness. You can't look back." But you can look down, and the Shockers will get the message every time they see the home floor this season: Things look considerably brighter at Wichita State.

—JOHN GARRITY

12 IOWA

IF WE COULD SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US, WE'D PROBABLY THINK THEY HAD US CONFUSED WITH SOMEBODY ELSE. Iowa Coach George Raveling recently scribbled those words on the message board outside his office for the benefit of his players, but it seemed more appropriate for him. Raveling was hired to be a basketball coach. Hawkeye fans expect him to be a savior.

Raveling came to Iowa City last spring after 11 years at Washington State of the Pac-10, hardly a hoops wasteland. Yet even he was taken aback by the attention Iowans focus on the Hawkeyes. "I didn't envision how enthusiastic the fans were," Raveling says. "With that enthusiasm comes an overzealousness. They have an unrealistic concept of what we'll do."

Raveling's predecessor, Lute Olson, put up with that pressure for nine seasons before going to Arizona. Lucky for Raveling, Olson couldn't take his players with him. Returning from the 21-10 team of 1982-83 that reached the NCAA round of 16 are three starters, including the junior twin towers, 6'10" Center Greg Stokes and 6'11" Forward Michael Payne.

Stokes shocked the basketball cognoscenti last summer by beating out Memphis State's Keith Lee for a spot on the Pan American Games squad. He left Caracas with a 7.0 scoring average and renewed self-confidence.

Raveling, long known as a big man's coach—he's 6'5" himself—will tip the balanced offense favored by Olson in the twin towers' favor. "We'll run some double posts and be inside-oriented," Raveling says. "My big guys have mobility. We're going to have to be more

of a finesse rebounding team. We can't be physical inside." Indeed, last season Stokes and Payne combined for an average of only 14.7 rebounds per game.

Senior Guard Steve Carlino, a 50.1% career shooter, will move from the point to shooting guard, and sophomore Andre Banks will direct the attack. "Andre has caught on to the new offense faster than anybody," Raveling says.

Iowa's catching on was aided during the preseason by 7 a.m. skull sessions and shoot-arounds twice a week, in addition to the daily afternoon workouts. There isn't a lot of time in which to learn. Barring tournament upsets, the Hawkeyes will play Oregon State twice, Louisville and Memphis State during December, and then visit Michigan State and Michigan to open the Big Ten schedule. By then, Hawkeye fans will have a pretty good idea of the kind of savior Raveling is going to be.

—IVAN MATSEL



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13 ARKANSAS

They'll be showing *Eddie and the Cruisers, Part 3* down in Fayetteville, Ark. this season. Razorback Coach Eddie Sutton likes his "cruiser" types, those big guards who run the floor like deer, jump out of the gym and have the wiry strength to check big people on defense. First it was Sidney Moncrief, then it was Darrell Walker and now it's senior Alvin Robertson.

That's putting Robertson in some major league company, but he belongs. He's widely considered to be the best guard in the Southwest Conference, and Sutton thinks he'll be a first-round NBA pick, as were both of the Hogs' previous cruisers. Robertson, in fact, seems to have only one worry. Moncrief had sharpshooting Marvin Delph to help him in the backcourt, and Walker had Robertson. Even so, Sutton should continue the 23-victory pace he has established over the past nine seasons.

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't going to miss Darrell," says Robertson. "Particularly on defense. Sometimes I could almost read his mind." The top candidates to replace Walker are senior Ricky Norton and sophomore Willie Cutts, who looks so young he could pass for 14. Cutts would be an apt companion for Robertson, who wears braces—"Everyone's always asking me if I use a steel toothpick," he says—and who tried to grow a mustache in the preseason but failed. "Guess I'm just not mature enough yet," says Robertson.

Youthfulness is hardly a problem for junior Center Joe Kleine, a husky 6' 11", 250-pounder who in hairstyle and work habits is reminiscent of a righthanded Dave Cowens. He plays bruiser to Robertson's cruiser and has been known to take a charge 10 times in one practice. Kleine is also the conference's best center not born in Nigeria; after sitting out a season following his transfer from Notre Dame, Kleine averaged 13.3 points per game in 1982-83. Helping Kleine are two unspectacular but solid forwards, junior Charles Balentine and senior Leroy Sutton.

There's no true backup for Kleine, but sophomore Darryl Bedford should help out underneath and could become a starter. So could the Hogs' most naturally talented player, unpolished sophomore Keenan DeBose—"He's got a chance to be as good as Moncrief," says Sutton. Redshirt freshman Mike Ratliff should contribute also. Both are Robertson-like ultra-athletic swingmen. Nobody said this had to be a one-cruiser team.

—JACK MCCALLUM

14 BOSTON COLLEGE

Boston College still isn't getting all the respect it deserves. BC is one of only three teams—North Carolina and Virginia are the others—that have reached the final 16 in each of the last three seasons. The Eagles were picked to finish fifth in the Big East in 1982-83 after losing all-conference Guard John Bagley to the Cleveland Cavaliers and Coach Tom Davis to Stanford. Instead, under Coach Gary Williams, they finished first and won a school-record 25 games.

BC has lost Center John Garriss (also to Cleveland) from that team, but it welcomes back the other four starters, including 5' 10" junior Point Guard Michael Adams (left) and senior forwards Jay Murphy and Martin Clark, both of whom have started since they were freshmen. Three years ago at Hartford Public High, Adams led Connecticut in scoring but still didn't attract any Division I offers. Then Davis' assistant, Kevin Mackey, spotted Adams in a postseason all-star game. "He stole the ball three times in a row from a high school All-America to open the game," Mackey says. "Afterward, I went up to his coach and said, 'What's the story with Adams? Why hasn't anyone recruited him?'" Mackey did.

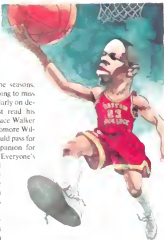
Adams languished on the bench for most of his freshman year before scoring 21 points in an NCAA tournament upset of No. 2-ranked DePaul. Last season he scored 16.2 points a game and led the Eagles with 117 assists and 88 steals. "When I have the ball I feel I can do so many things with it," Adams says. "I'm a key to all this here."

"Michael has taught me a lot," Williams says. "In recruiting, I don't label players as too small or too slow anymore. I try to be more objective. It's hard to measure a player's heart when he's being recruited."

Williams was an assistant under Davis for seven years, and then had a 72-42 record in four seasons at American University. He returned Davis' pressing defense last year but unlearned the Eagles' bounce-pass offense with striking results. BC led the nation in scoring with 84.3 points a game.

Williams also let the 6' 9" Murphy, a superb perimeter shooter, move outside, and he scored 17.7 points a game. Murphy and Clark, however, need to make up for some of the 7.8 rebounds a game Boston College lost when Garriss left. If they soar like the rest of the Eagles, that shouldn't be any problem at all.

—BUCE ANDERSON



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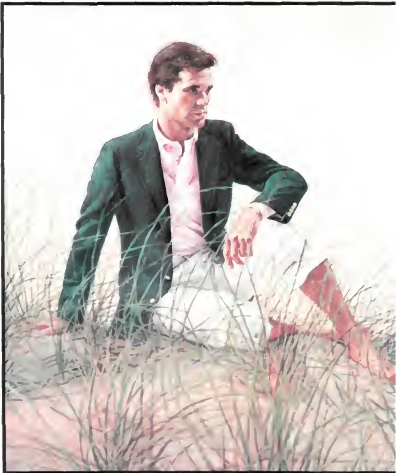
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15 FRESNO STATE

North Gymnasium, where Fresno State practices, is a dank little cavern that hasn't been the site of any intercollegiate games since 1968. The Bulldogs play downtown in Selland Arena, which, because Fresno State is 74-9 there under Coach Boyd Grant, is commonly known as Grant's Tomb. But North Gym's dungeonlike qualities are perfect for what Grant teaches best—things like denial, closing down, puncturing off, ball pressure. In a word, defense. Under Grant, Fresno State was maddeningly deliberate on offense from 1978-79 to 1981-82 and led the nation in defense three of those seasons. But last season, after a slow 13-9 start, Grant decided he finally had the athletes to convert all the turnovers his defense was creating into fast-break layups. Unchained, the Bulldogs turned into ravenous greyhounds. Fresno State went 12-1 the rest of the way and won the NIT.

"If you're really knowledgeable about basketball," Grant says, "you know how to stop things. And when you know how to stop things, you know how to do things. We started scoring better when we came together defensively."

The Bookend Forwards, Bernard Thompson and Ron Anderson (right), both of whom are now seniors, profited most from the new up-tempo style. Last season they scored 51% of Fresno's points. Thompson operates best inside, and Anderson made last season's PCAA 19-foot three-point distance seem absurd. In leading two victories against Oregon State at Corvallis last winter, Thompson and Anderson outplayed the Beavers' vaunted forward pair of Charlie Sittion and A.C. Green. Over the summer, they each put on about 20 pounds of muscle by weight-training together.

Playing between the Bookends will be junior Scott Barnes, who sat out last season after transferring from Eastern Montana College. At off-guard, senior Mitch Arnold can outdo even Anderson in long-range bombing.

Point guard is Grant's biggest concern. Last season that spot was owned by 5'9" dynamo Tyrone Bradley, who has graduated. Grant hopes junior college transfer Ron Strain will claim the position.

Fresno State has proven many times that pressure games are usually won with defense. And this season the Bulldogs know what to do with the ball on offense. —JAMIE DIAZ



16 OREGON STATE

Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller's face is often a vision of Biblical wrath that strikes fear into the souls of players who commit the cardinal sin of crossing their legs on defense. But a serene smile—picture John Huston doing Master Rogers—softens Miller's features when he talks basketball. This is a man who learned what he calls "the simplicity of the game" in the 1930s from Dr. James Naismith and Dr. Phog Allen. "I'm willing to adjust anything if you show me a better way," says Miller, 63, "but nobody has shown me that for years and years. Decades in fact."

Last season the Beavers were bothered by injuries, got off to a bad start and finished 20-11. Their string of three Pac-10 championships was snapped by UCLA, and they lost to Fresno State in the NIT quarterfinals. "We were a good team at the end of the season," says Miller. "How good we can be this year depends on how well our inexperienced players perform. And what I can figure out."

In practice, Miller puts his players through full-court drills that stress pressure defense and crisp passing. "They're fundamentals, stuff you've learned since junior high school," says senior Guard Alan Tait. "Only you never think you're that bad at it until you get there."

Fundamentals are what All-America senior Forward Charlie Sittion is all about. Hard-nosed enough to play the pivot, savvy enough to move to the point, the 6'8" Sittion so stars Miller, whose penchant for understatement is legend, that he says, "Charlie does get a lot done." Foul trouble for Sittion, who averaged 18.8 points per game last year, means trouble for the Beavers. They lost eight of nine games in which he fouled out.

Carrying nearly as big a load as Sittion will be junior Forward A.C.

Green, a rugged defender and rebounder whom Miller wants to shoot more. Green still averaged 14.0 in 1982-83.

At center, sophomore Steve Woodsie can score but he was benched last year because of un-Beverlike defense. If Woodsie doesn't improve, sophomore Tyrone Miller, a tad short at 6'7", but bulky at 225 pounds, will play ahead of him. At guard, sophomore Darryl Flowers has playmaking skills, while Tait is a dependable shooter.

Oregon State isn't loaded, but Miller has something extra: UCLA hasn't beaten the Beavers in Corvallis since 1979. "I think I understand UCLA as well as anybody does," says Miller. "Of course, we don't change our game."

Dr. Naismith would approve.

—JAMIE DIAZ

THE TOP 20

17 UTEP

"Believe it or not," says Dr. Haskell Monroe, UTEP's president, "he's mellowed a little." The mellowness of the man in question—Miners Coach Don Haskins, better known as The Bear—was not in evidence recently as he ranted and raved during a grueling two-hour-and-45-minute practice session. Best remembered for guiding a team of Cinderellas to the NCAA title in 1966, when Texas-El Paso was still known as Texas Western, Haskins may have the opportunity to show America that there are some genuine tough guys left.

He has never turned in a better coaching job than he did last season when the Miners went 19-10 overall and 11-5 in the WAC largely without their two best players. Forward Fred Reynolds (right) and Swingman Juden Smith. In quick succession early in the schedule, Smith injured his left knee when he turned to say hello to someone in the student union, and Reynolds tore the gastrocnemius in his right calf. "Is that some of the damndest luck you ever heard?" asked Haskins, the WAC's Coach of the Year.

Yes, and isn't Reynolds one of the damndest players you ever seen? Though he was virtually disabled until March, he still made the Pan American team in May. And last month he was voted the school's Homecoming King.

UTEP's most naturally talented player is probably Smith, who has recovered from his knee surgery. Smith was a 19-year-old without a scholarship and heading nowhere when former UTEP player Gus Bailey saw him play in the Treme Summer League in New Orleans and urged Haskins to recruit him. Though Smith got 3.8 rebounds a game as a freshman in 1981-82, Haskins may play him at point guard to replace his only significant loss, Byron Walker. What does Smith think of that move? "I don't want to play there," he says. If Smith remains reluctant, the playmaker may be junior Luster Goodwin, a sharpshooter better suited to the other guard.

Sophomore Center Dave Feul will need a lot of rebounding help from Reynolds and Forward Paul Cunningham. Another factor inside is junior Swingman Kent Lockhart, an art major who grows roses in his spare time—and catches a lot of heat for it from the hard-nosed Haskins. "You're spending too much time watering your roses," Haskins likes to tell Lockhart when he makes a mistake during practice. But if Haskins does his usual careful cultivating, everything could come up roses for him, too.

—JACK Mc CALLUM

18 DePAUL

It may not seem possible, but this promises to be a season of new experiences for venerable DePaul Coach Ray Meyer. Early next month, he should become only the sixth coach to have 700 career wins. In mid-December he'll make his first trip to Japan, where the Blue Demons are scheduled to play Texas Tech and Alabama. And when this season ends, Meyer will call it quits after 42 years. "I've done this all my life," he says wistfully. "I'm not really prepared. But I knew three years ago. When I turn 70 [which he'll do on Dec. 18], that would be enough."

Meyer will leave in a blur. He plans to run his players so much this season that in preparation he lost 26 pounds himself. "This is a very quick team," he says. "Everyone will be used. At the speed we intend to play, we'll need a lot of players."

"We don't have to slow up and wait for nobody," says junior Forward Tyrone Corbin, the surprise star of last year's 21-12 NIT runner-up. Junior Point Guard Kenny Patterson, who forms a formidable backcourt with sophomore Tony Jackson, says, "That's the tempo I like. Get the rebounds and kick it out."

Light experienced players return from the 1982-83 Blue Demons, who were basketball's version of *Romper Room*, with five freshmen on the roster. DePaul lost nine of 11 outings on the road and shot a mediocre 44.91% from the floor and only 65.6% from the line. The defense thought "Help!" was just another old Beatles flick.

In fact, Help! has arrived in the person of freshman Forward Dallas Comegys (pronounced COMMA-gye). Says Meyer, "Dallas is going to be a great player. Once we teach him some moves to go with his shooting, there will be no one who can guard him."

Helping Comegys will be Corbin, a co-captain. "Last year we needed a leader who played a lot," says Corbin. "When things went bad, we fell apart."

The Demons heiter hang together this season because, particularly near the end, as Meyer's career closes, the spotlight will get plenty bright. NBC-TV involved nine schools in schedule changes to arrange a regular-season finale between Marquette and DePaul and a goodbye for Meyer. But Meyer just shakes his head and says, "The attention's nice, but sometimes I wonder, I hope we make the NCAA and do what we can." Obviously he wants to stretch out this retirement business as long as he can.

—ISAAC MARLER



19 WAKE FOREST

Last year the program at Wake Forest resembled a cross between *The White Shadow* and *Dallas*. It was a true basketball melodrama but you had to wait all season to see how it turned out.

Here's a synopsis of the plot: Forward Kenny Green missed seven games when he was suspended for fighting; Forward Sylvester Charles transferred to Old Dominion in midseason; after a one-point loss to Georgia Tech, the players grumbled about Coach Carl Tacy's tactical decisions; the grumbling turned to mutiny in between 33- and 41-point losses at the end of the regular season as the players met with the athletic director to complain about Tacy; rumors swirled that Tacy was going to Marshall University.

Then came the heartwarming episode to end the season—Tacy denies the rumors, sits the kids down and opens up the lines of communication. They respond by going to the semifinals of the NIT. "I thought that kind of thing only happened on TV," says last season's leading scorer, John Toms, "but it really goes on in the real world."

There are a lot of reasons to think this season may have a happy ending for the Deacons. They have back three senior starters who have won 20 games and gone to a postseason tournament in each of their three previous years. The most pivotal is 6' 9", 210-pound Center Anthony Teachey, who was third in the ACC in rebounding in 1982-83. Small Forward Toms gives Wake explosive streak-shooting, and Guard Danny Young is the top holdover assist man in the conference. The No. 2 guard spot belongs to junior Delaney Rudd, who may have been the most improved player in the country last year. His scoring average climbed from 1.1 in 1981-82 to 12.8.

The rejuvenated Green, a sophomore, will replace the only notable loss from a season ago, the off-injured Alvis Rogers. The Deacons should be able to avoid the late-season collapses of the past because of depth provided by a strong corps of new recruits. They've added swingman Mark Cline, a two-time West Virginia high school Player of the Year, and Kentucky transfer Todd May, who was Mr. Basketball in Kentucky in 1982. Another new face at Wake Forest may be hard to find—you have to look way down to see 5' 3" welterweight Tyrone (Muggsy) Bogues. Don't be fooled by his lack of size, though. He was the MVP of the top-ranked high school team in the country, Dunbar of Baltimore.

—GREG KELLY

20 VCU

Virginia Commonwealth has never before been cited in a preseason poll or even favored to win its own Sun Belt Conference. But this year's Commonwealth club has little in common with the past. This is a Top 20 team all right; it's just not your run-of-the-mill Top 20 team. It has no natural rebounder; the leading shot-blocker is a 6' 2" point guard; the coach throws up before every game; and the star player, Guard Calvin Duncan (below), carries a thesaurus in his back pocket to improve his vocabulary, lest the Rams do attract national attention and he has to face the press. No wonder the Virginia Commonwealth players, who compensate for their lack of size with speed, careful shooting and discipline, call themselves the Blue-Collar Workers.

"Other teams have more height and more rebounding," says Duncan, the Rams' foreman in 1982-83 with 17.4 points and 5.2 rebounds per game. "We have to fight and scratch for everything we get. There's no easy victory for us, so we have to unmoize."

Volatile Coach J.D. Barnett takes care of the unity department. He's more than willing to sacrifice his own popularity to provide his players with a common bond, a hatred of him. Barnett screams at the Rams with such intensity at practices that he consumes a pack of Hall's Meniho-Lyptus drops each day to protect his throat. "If they're rallying together, even if it's against me, it's O.K. as long as they're becoming a team," says Barnett. "Adversity shouldn't be a stranger. They should learn how to deal with it. Better with me than in a game."

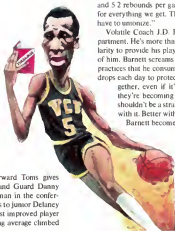
Barnett becomes so nervous on game days, it sometimes looks as if he has taken a hunting knife to his face instead of a razor. But over the last four seasons he has built an 83-35 record and a reputation for coaxing success from teams that seem unimpressive on paper. Last season Barnett squeezed a 15-game winning streak, a conference co-championship and a 26-7 record out of a Ram roster that included two 6' 3" starting forwards, four underclassmen regulars and a thinnier-than-bench.

Naturally, Barnett was named Sun Belt Coach of the Year.

Duncan guides the Rams' motion offense with the precision of a metronome. Forget inside posting—they don't have the power players for that. And forget downtown bombs—these Rams press for midrange, sure-fire jumpers. A balanced offense is a priority until the game's on the line, at which point Duncan usually gets the ball. "It's impossible to stop him in a one-on-one situation," says Barnett.

In this uncommon season, many of the traditional white-collar powers will find that going head-to-head with the Blue-Collar Boys a real chore.

—SANDY KEENAN



THE REST OF THE BEST

When the NCAA tournament field is chosen in March, invitations will likely go to the Top 20 and these 33

by Roger Jackson

The more the merrier seems to be the feeling of the NCAA Division I basketball committee. The post-season tournament field continues to grow like the national debt, from 48 teams in 1982, to 52 in '83, to 53 next March. And there's considerable talk of a 64-team field in 1985. This season the NCAA will hold an elimination round for the champions of 10 less prestigious conferences, with the five winners advancing to the round of 48. Four of them will be seeded 12th in the four regions, and the other will be seeded 11th in one of the regions.

"If I were making 60 grand a year as a coach at a big-time school, having to play in this early round would probably be an insult to my ego," says Robert Morris Coach Matt Furjanic. "But it's better than nothing." The Colonials are expected to make the eliminations by winning their third straight ECAC Metro championship. The nine other teams entering through the side door should be Boston University (ECAC North Atlantic), William & Mary (ECAC South), Iona (Metro Atlantic), Hofstra (East Coast), Yale (Ivy),

North Carolina A&T (Mid-Eastern), Alcorn State (Southwestern Athletic), Houston Baptist (Trans America) and Loyola of Chicago (Midwestern City).

Kansas should be one of the 43 teams bypassing the elimination round. First-year Kansas Coach Larry Brown was taken aback when a preseason poll of Big Eight coaches and media chose the Jayhawks to win the title. "We go four and 10 in the conference two years in a row, and now we're picked to win it. That's hard to believe," says Brown. Not so hard when you consider the talent. Greg Dreiling (below), a 7' 1" Wichita State transfer, joins workhorses Kelly Knight and Kerry Boagni on the front line. Brown hopes to compensate for the lack of a point guard by creating mismatches inside for swingmen Carl Henry and Calvin Thompson.

Syracuse and Villanova of the Big East should make the tournament despite heavy graduation losses. Orange freshman Dwayne (Pearl) Washington is such a talented playmaker and penetrator that senior Gene Waldron, a two-year starter at the point, has moved to shooting guard. Villanova Forward E-Z Ed Pinckney realizes that replacing John Pinone, Stewart Granger and Mike Mulquin won't be E-Z, of course. "I'll have to score more and rebound more this year," says Pinckney, who was third in points last season (12.5 per game) and tops in rebounding (9.7).

The Pack isn't back, the Pack never left. North Carolina State proved its win over Houston in the NCAA finals last April was no fluke by beating the Cougars again, 76-64 last week in Saturday's Tip-Off Classic. The Wolfpack may not miss its three NBA draft choices after all. Anthony (Spod) Webb, the 5' 7"—they say—junior college transfer, is the important addition. Center Cozell McQueen is more physical than he was last season, and Forward Lorenzo Charles, who beat Houston in April with a dunk, now has an outside shot.

University of Alabama, Birmingham Coach Gene Bartow is all fired up about his Blazers, who were 19-14 and won their second straight Sun Belt tournament title last season. "We may go over 100 points a few times," he predicts. Bartow has several reasons to be excited: Three starters return and UAB hosts the conference tournament for the third straight year, as well as first- and second-round games of the NCAA Midwest Regional.

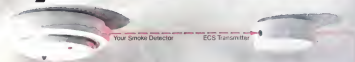
South Florida, also of the Sun Belt, surprised everyone last season by going 22-10 in what was to have been a rebuilding year. The 1983-84 Bulls should earn a bid to the NCAA tournament thanks mainly to the redoubtable Charlie Bradley, who was the nation's fourth-leading scorer with 26.7 points per game.

Question: Is it possible for a team to finish as high as third in the SEC with just three proven veterans and a posse of talented but unproven newcomers? Answer: Yes, if the team is Auburn. The Tigers' Charles Barkley, all 6' 6", 272 pounds of him, became the first player since Bernard King in 1977 to lead the league in rebounding two years in a row. He averaged 9.5 rebounds per game, along with a team-high 14.4 points. Forward Chuck Person was a consensus choice for the All-SEC freshman team, and Frank Ford, Florida's Mr. Basketball, heads a Cadillac-quality freshman class.



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—John J. O'Connor, The New York Times

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Toni Morrison: Sunday, November 6 (11:25 PM)
Louis Auchincloss: Tuesday, November 8 (11:25 PM)
Robert Carr: Friday, November 11 (10:00 PM)
Jozsef van de Wetering: November 12 (11:25 PM)
Robert Gottlieb: Friday, November 18 (10:05 PM)
Lewis Thomas: Saturday, November 19 (11:25 PM)
Maureen Howard: Thursday, November 22 (11:25 PM)
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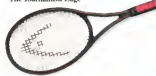
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"So much of what we did last year was based on chemistry," says Georgia Coach Hugh Durham, who hasn't had a losing record in his five seasons in Athens. To re-start that chemical reaction, Durham drilled the Dawgs twice a day, at 6:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m., during the preseason. Look for the same sort of scratching, active bunch that last March stormed through the SEC and East Regional tournaments and into the Final Four. Though the lone holdover up front is Forward James Banks, the MVP of the East Regional, the backcourt, featuring 6' 5" Vern Fleming, who went for 16.9 points and 4.7 rebounds per game last season, is loaded.

Indiana's Four Freshmen are not a musical aggregation. Two of them—Guard Steve Alford and Forward Marty Simmons—won Mr. Basketball honors in Indiana and Illinois, respectively; the other two are Daryl Thomas from Illinois and Todd Meier from Wisconsin. The Hoosiers need all the help they can get because they have only one starter back from the 1982-83 team that went 24-6 and won its seventh Big Ten title in 12 years. Coach Bobby Knight hopes 7' 2" Uwe Blab and the Four Freshmen will be in harmony come March.

With Guard Derek Harper drafted early by the NBA, the spotlight at Illinois shifts to 6' 9" Forward Efrem Winters, last year's leading rebounder and second-leading scorer. "If there's a better power forward in the Big Ten," says Coach Lou Henson, "I don't know where he is." Sophomore Doug Altenberger, who has recently recovered from arthroscopic surgery on his left knee, will be in the Illinois backcourt with another sophomore, Bruce Douglas, the Big Ten leader in assists last season.

Nebraska Coach Moe Iba is building a basketball team the Cornhusker football team can be proud of. The Husker hoopssters tied a school record with 22 victories last season and advanced to the NIT Final Four. Four players with starting experience are back, including sophomore Center Dave Hoppen. The Big Eight's premiere big man, though, is Oklahoma's Wayman Tisdale, the 6' 10" center-forward who set 10 Sooner records, made history by becoming the first freshman ever named first-team All-America by the Associated Press and broke Wil Chamberlain's Big Eight single-season scoring record with 810 points. He's the only starter back from a 24-9 team, but Sooner Coach Billy Tubbs says his freshman class is so good that at least three of them, probably Darryl Kennedy, Tim McCalister and David Johnson, should start and produce. "That's not false confidence," says Tubbs. "This is a superior group."

Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson has assembled his deepest

and most experienced team ever. Returning from a 19-12 club are three starters and 79% of the 1982-83 offense. Richardson says his best player, All-Missouri Valley Guard Steve Harris, who shared team scoring honors with Forward-Guard Ricky Ross at 18.5 points per game, is "as good as Michael Jordan."

"I hope I'm not getting senile," says Lamar Coach Pat Foster, "but I think our three perimeter players [Jerry Everett, Tom Sewell and Lamont Robinson] are just as good down the line as the Triplets." The Triplets were Arkansas' fabled trio of Sidney Moncrief, Ron Brewer and Marvin Delph, who led the Razorbacks to a three-year 77-15 record and a berth in the 1978 Final Four while Foster was an Arkansas assistant. The Cards should breeze to their sixth Southland Conference title in seven years.

At Cal State Fullerton, four starters are back from a 21-8 team that finished second in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association behind the University of Nevada, Las Vegas but ended the Rebels' 25-game winning streak. The key man is playmaker Leon Wood (left), who last year led the nation in assists (11.0 a game), and Fullerton in scoring (18.1). Wood is so good he was chosen for the U.S. Pan Am team last summer, even though he missed the trials while recovering from a foot injury.

UT-Chattanooga has earned three straight Southern Conference titles and the best two-year record (53-8) in the nation. Still, the Moes have yet to receive much national attention largely because they have yet to make a big splash against top regular-season opponents

or in the NCAA tournament. With four starters, including senior Willie White, the Southern's Player of the Year as a sophomore and league tournament MVP last March, returning from a team that went 26-4, Chattanooga could be splashy, indeed. Ohio University, the surprise Mid-American winner last season, should also repeat. Morehead (Ky.) State is expected to win its first Ohio Valley Conference regular-season title and to have its first 20-victory season.

Other conference favorites will be looking to end NCAA tournament victory droughts. Temple, the choice in the Atlantic Ten, hasn't won an NCAA tournament game since 1958. Santa Clara should win the West Coast Athletic Conference championship and make its first trip to the tournament since 1970, when it lost in the second round. Weber State, the pick in the Big Sky, hasn't won in the NCAA's since 1979.

The Independents most likely to receive NCAA bids are Notre Dame and Southwestern Louisiana.



After the prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance and during the sausage, sauerkraut, cornbread, biscuits and pumpkin pie, song leader Glenn Wright of the Weatherford (Okla.) Rotary Club announced that it was time to entertain the evening's special guests, the two-time NAIA champion Southwestern Oklahoma State University women's basketball team.

"We've got people here from the college who are world and internationally famous," Wright declared. "Let's impress them with our singing." With that, the Weatherford Rotarians first-broke into a rousing rendition of that Czechoslovakian favorite *Stodola Pumpa*.

"Why is it, in the 200 years that I've been with this club," Wright asked, catching his breath three verses later, "every time we have a celebration, we always serve kraut and wienies?"

John Loftin, the Lady Bulldogs' coach, laughed. This was the third time in three years that the club had invited him to give a preseason speech, and he certainly was full up to here with kraut and wienies.

He remembered his first speech, back in 1981, when he was new in town. "If we

win half our games," said Loftin then, "we'll be lucky." Sheepishly, he sank back into his kraut. However, the Lady Bulldogs went 34-0 and won the NAIA title, and he was named Coach of the Year.

He thought about his second speech in 1982. "It'll be darn near impossible to repeat," Loftin had said in his Tulsa, Texas accent. The wienies beckoned; he cut his speech short. But the Lady Bulldogs went

30-4 and won the NAIA title, and he was named Coach of the Year.

This season, the coach would throw caution to the wind. "Three in a row? Could be," Loftin said. "What's your secret?" the Rotarians begged. "Hard work," he said. "Hard work never hurt anybody." The Rotarians gave him a standing ovation.

Weatherford (pop. 9,640) is 69 miles west of Oklahoma City, and it's the kind of place where people leave their keys in their cars—with the motors running—when they're shopping downtown. The town sits in the Anadarko Oil and Gas Basin, site of the 1980 boom and the '81 bust. There were 900 rigs in the old days. Now there are just 230. Weatherford is smack in the middle of prime wheat and cotton-farming and cattle-ranching country. But with the lack of rain the last couple of years, the money in that has dried up, too. "People around here needed something to believe in," says Doyle Jackson, a local businessman.

Say hello to John Loftin. Weatherford hasn't been the same since he arrived.

Fay Jackson, Doyle's wife, has worked overtime behind the stove. She's been baking cinnamon rolls hand over fist and

LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD

Kelli Litsch has led Southwestern Oklahoma State to two NAIA titles

by Jill Lieber



Litsch, the NAIA's Player of the Year as a sophomore, turned down NCAA powers USC and Louisiana Tech to stay close to home.

NCAA TOP TEN

1. GEORGIA
2. LOUISIANA TECH
3. SOUTHERN CAL
4. TEXAS
5. TENNESSEE
6. LONG BEACH STATE
7. OLD DOMINION
8. MARYLAND
9. MISSISSIPPI
10. KANSAS STATE

Based on a poll of Division I coaches.

firing up pots of chili for team dinners. Shirley and A.B. Cook haven't sat still a minute either. They're too busy following the team around the state to watch scrimmages and games. "We've spent more money trying to see Kelli Litsch play than we've spent on our own kids," Shirley says. And Pickle Ice, a farmer from nearby Fay Ipoc, 1501, has become a Lady Bulldog fiend. "I'll sell a cow if I have to, to get myself to the Nationals," he says.

All this excitement began in early 1981 when Dr. Leonard Campbell, Southwestern's president, decided he wanted a competitive women's basketball program. "We don't do everything comprehensive universities do," said Campbell, "but what we do, we do well."

Southwestern Oklahoma, which has 5,000 students, seceded from the AJAW, joined the NAIA, established six scholarships, and, on April Fools' Day, Campbell hired Loftin, who had an overall record of 243-65 in his 14 years of coaching mostly women's teams—eight at Texas high schools and six at Murray State Junior College in Tishomingo, Okla. Later that afternoon, Litsch, a high school All-America out of Thomas, a town just 17 miles up the road, told Loftin that she was turning down USC and Louisiana Tech to attend Southwestern. "I couldn't leave the people who've been watching me play since second grade," she said.

Loftin knew that assembling the rest of his team wouldn't be quite so easy. Armed with a \$400 recruiting budget, the new coach spent much of the next four months on the phone, contacting about 80 prospects. When he wasn't dialing, he was behind the wheel of his 1980 Chevy Citation, combing the Oklahoma and Texas junior colleges. "I ruined that car," says Loftin, who logged 10,000 miles and spent \$700 of his own money on gas. "On Thursdays, I'd drive to Dallas to catch summer league games." That's a five-hour round trip. "I'd get home about 3 a.m., and I'd have to teach summer school at eight." No wonder his CB handle is The Road Runner.

But Loftin, who grew up on a 600-acre wheat farm in the Texas panhandle, was searching for a special kind of player. He wanted somebody like him. "When I was 10," he says, "I started playing basketball after school on a dirt court, shooting at a goal I'd tacked up on the chicken house. I

wouldn't go in for supper until I had made 500 baskets."

Loftin eventually signed 12 such hard-working women—eight junior-college transfers ("Mostly discontents," he says, "women who wanted a second chance at a degree") and four homegrown freshmen. Never mind that three of the transfers had been out of basketball for a year—they all became starters—and that the freshmen hadn't ever played the five-woman game. (Oklahoma and Iowa are the only states still playing six women on a team in high school.) A little work would go a long way.

Loftin found Mary Champion attending school, but not playing basketball, at the University of Science and Arts of Oklahoma in Chickasha. She had been a star guard at Connors State Junior College in Warner, Okla. He found Chelly Belanger, another former junior-college player, at Colorado State University. He found two former high school teammates, Pat Jacques, a guard-forward, and Anita Foster, a center, playing in a Dallas summer league. A bank teller and the mother of a 2-year-old son, Tyrone, Foster had attended Stephen F. Austin and Navarro Junior College and wanted to get back into school. But no coach would offer her single-parent housing. "They wanted me to leave my son home," she says. Not Southwestern. The Fosters live in a mobile home parked on the edge of the campus, and Tyrone attends a day-care center at the university.

The Lady Bulldogs opened practice for the 1981-82 season the first week in September. Sometimes they didn't start their drills until 7 p.m., meaning they didn't finish until 9:30. "By that time the

cafeteria was closed," Peggy Litsch, Kelli's mother, says, "so they often went without dinner." By the first week in January, the Lady Bulldogs were 11-0 and ranked No. 1. Loftin devastated opponents with his complicated system—six offenses and three defenses. The team averaged 73 points a game and outscored opponents by an average of 12. Weatherford went whacko. Most of Thomas and Fay turned out to see Litsch. Those who couldn't, watched her on closed-circuit TV. The crowds in Southwestern's gym grew from 300 at the November season opener to 2,000-plus in January. "It was a fairy tale," Loftin says.

So was the '82-83 season. Dee Dee Woodfork, a former Murray State forward who had left school to have a baby (J.D., now two), was the top recruit. "The pressure to win was great," Loftin says. The team averaged 67.1 points and outscored opponents by 12.7. Litsch and Foster were named All-Americans, and Litsch was the NAIA Player of the Year. Three hundred townspeople toasted the team at an appreciation banquet. By season's end the Booster Club was born.

This season, Litsch, Foster, Woodfork and two other returnees are joined by seven newcomers. The Booster Club has raised \$6,000. Loftin has three outstanding recruits. Nancy Hafterson, a 6' 5" center from Phillips University in Enid, Okla., Carri Hayes, an All-America guard from Connors J.C. and Diana Dees, a guard who once played for Loftin at Murray State. She spent last year working in Wyoming as a pulpwood hauler, living in a tent with her husband.

So, what is the reason for Loftin's success? The team had a 3-0 record at the end of last week and was ranked No. 1 in the country. Could it be the knaut and wienies? "That seems as good a guess as any," says the coach. "He yells a lot," Foster says. Campbell thinks he knows. "An accrediting group recently told me the school has one weakness: Our faculty thinks of itself as parents to the students," he says. "I think that's a strength."

The team's staunchest fans, Edith Cook, 75, and Ruth Litsch, 79, Kelli's grandmothers, figure they know what's cooking. "Coach Loftin's the best thing that ever happened around here," Grandma Litsch says. "He's got all of us feeling like we're in tall cotton."

CONTINUED

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Thanks to a couple of boyhood buddies who stayed at home, Kentucky Wesleyan has regained its prestige in NCAA Division II

by Roger Jackson

Owensboro, Ky., a community of 55,000 on the Ohio River, bills itself as the city of "Barbeque, Banjos, Bourbon & Beethoven" and "Boats, Burgoo, Banquets & Business." But the biggest "B" in Owensboro is Basketball, specifically Kentucky Wesleyan basketball. As one local businessman and longtime Panther supporter put it recently, "You don't pick up the newspaper to see Kentucky Wesleyan's choir ranked third in the nation. What the people in this town want is a good basketball team."

The good citizens will get what they want this season, and then some. Four senior starters, including All-Americans Rod (Big Daddy) Drake, a brutish 6'2" guard, and Dwight (T.N.T.) Higgs, a wispy 6'5" forward, form the nucleus of the team that went 22-8 in 1982-83 and came within two points of beating the eventual NCAA Division II champion, Wright State, in the Great Lakes Regional final. With the addition of junior Guard Ray Harper, who returned to his old Muhlenburg County, Ky. home after two years of homesickness on the range at Texas, Wesleyan is a leading candidate to win a record-tying fifth national title.

That prospect pleases 40-year-old Mike Pollio, Wesleyan's fast-talking coach and athletic director, who in just three years has resurrected a program that had fallen on hard times and coaxed the fans back to the 5,611-seat Owensboro Sportscenter.

"I can tell in the fall what kind of season it's going to be," says Pollio. Since taking over before the 1980-81 campaign,

Pollio has guided the Panthers to a 65-25 record, a Final Four Division II appearance in 1982 and another NCAA berth last season. "I told the kids there's nothing so far that's made me depressed in the least."

Although the Panthers won four national championships in 1966, '68, '69 and '73, their four losing seasons between 1975-80 robbed them of their national prestige and virtually turned the Sportscenter into just another convention hall. Folks became content to sit at home while Kentucky and Louisville were piped in on Owensboro Cablevision. Says Drake, an Owensboro boy who, along with his childhood friend Higgs, led Owensboro to the state high school championship in 1979: "Wesleyan games were a place husbands could go after they had fights with their wives."

An Owensboro coal executive, Tom Green, who played at the University of Miami from 1965 to '69 and has been a Wesleyan fan since 1960, adds, "You could fire a shotgun in the Sportscenter and nobody would get hurt." Nobody except the college, of course, which was an estimated \$750,000 in the red by 1978 and facing rumors of extinction.

For President Luther White III the choice was clear. "The president knew that if the people of Owensboro were going to get behind Wesleyan," says Robert Cockrum, the school's NCAA faculty representative, "they were going to have



Higgs may be bird-thin, but he can fly high.

to get behind Wesleyan athletics. And Wesleyan athletics is basketball." After the fourth game of the 1979-80 season, White told 39-year-old Coach Bob Jones that he'd be replaced at the end of the season. Jones had guided Wesleyan to its last NCAA title, but he'd been hampered late in his career by a serious circulatory ailment and charges of unenthusiastic recruiting. One local prospect who went elsewhere was Jones's son, Jeff, who enrolled at Virginia and twice led the ACC in assists.

"It is always tough to make personnel decisions, because you are dealing with human beings, decent human beings," says White. "But sometimes you have to do what has to be done. I knew that the people of Owensboro wanted a better team than they had been getting." To White, Pollio seemed the perfect replace-

ment. In eight seasons as a high school coach in Florida and Kentucky and seven years as an assistant and chief recruiter at Virginia Commonwealth and Old Dominion, he has displayed a flair for promotion and a dynamic recruiting style.

"We were looking for a coach who would excite the fans," says White. But White told his new coach he didn't expect to win back the fans' loyalty overnight. "He told me that we'd never fill this place again," says Pollio, who set out to prove White wrong. When Pollio took over officially as head coach, his first task was to mend fences with several of the area's high school coaches, who had felt snubbed by Wesleyan for years. He also told skeptical fans and players that Wesleyan would win, and win right away. "The smart thing would have been to ask them to give me three years," he says. "But I told them, 'Hey, we're gonna win, and we're gonna win now.' How could I recruit quality people unless I told them we're gonna win now?"

And how could he bring the fans back to the Sportscenter unless he could dislodge them from Owensboro Cablevision? Simple. "We told them we'd take care of their kids," says Pollio, "with discounted tickets, free T-shirts and group seating. And we'd have a giveaway every night." Pollio enlisted the help of the All-American Club, a group of businessmen, civic leaders and just plain townspeople, in building what he called "a Division I program at a Division II school." He pushed ticket plans for businesses, arranged for each firm in the area to sponsor at least one game per season and concocted additional ticket plans for families.

Fortunately, there's something special for people to see. Higgs and Drake have been close friends since first grade. As kids they used to ride around town on their bikes in search of playground games. At night they'd go watch Wesleyan play and cash in the free burger coupons in the game programs others left in the stands.

But when it came time to choose a place of their own to play, the two local school-boy heroes signed conference letters of intent with Murray State, a Division I school in Murray, Ky. Then the two heard rumors—unfounded, as it turned out—that Racer Coach Ron Greene might quit to take the head coaching job at Purdue, so they decided to remain at home.

Drake is an intimidating defensive player and clutch rebounder. "I love Rod Drake," says Pollio. "I have to make up things to yell at him in practice so I won't look like I'm playing favorites." Drake is dubbed Big Daddy for obvious reasons: At 215 pounds he overpowers most of his smaller Division II opponents in the backcourt. Last year he averaged just 12.3 points and 4.1 assists per game, but it's turnovers, or lack of them, that tell the story. He made just 60.

Higgs, a player with uncanny inside moves, scored 22 points and had five assists in Wesleyan's 79-58 loss to Louisville last season. He packs a mere 165 pounds on his 6' 5" frame and has bird legs that would make a flamingo blush, but he jockeys for every inch of inside

position. As a result, the man who Associate Coach Wayne Chapman jokes, looks "deceptively like a basketball player," holds the Great Lakes Valley Conference career records for points (627), free throws (173) and free-throw attempts (236). He averaged 16.0 points a game last season.

Wesleyan has another unexpected find in 6' 11" Center Henk Pieterse (pronounced Hank Peters) Pieterse, easily Wesleyan's tallest player ever, is a native of Amsterdam who began playing basketball when he was 17, after he suddenly sprouted five inches to 6' 8". Pieterse came to Wesleyan on the recommendation of a friend from Amsterdam, former Old Dominion Center Bert Kragtjik. Pieterse had wanted to follow Kragtjik and another Dutch friend to the Virginia school, but Kragtjik suggested he contact his former assistant coach, Pollio, over in Kentucky. Pieterse was just coming into his own last season when he broke the fibula in his left leg in the seventh game. But he recovered to play well for the Netherlands in the European Cup tournament in Nantes, France, where he led his team to a surprising fourth-place finish.

Harper, who led Texas in assists as a freshman in 1980-81, is back in Kentucky simply because he missed his parents—his hometown is Bremen, Ky., a 40-minute drive from Wesleyan—and his girl friend, Tracy Tucker, a student at Western Kentucky, 65 miles away in Bowling Green. "I got lost in Austin," Harper says. "I didn't find a class my first three days." The Longhorns' collapse during his sophomore season after a 14-0 start, and the subsequent firing of Abe Lemons, the coach who had recruited him, didn't help either. He will start in the backcourt and share the play-making duties with Drake.

"We have accomplished all of the goals we set for ourselves except one," says Pollio. That one is No. 1, as in Best. Certainly nobody in Owensboro would mind putting that "B" in the town's honor.



Big Daddy puts the squeeze on opposing guards.

by Ron Fimrite

As a shattered Paul Wiggins, the Stanford coach, walked off the field a year ago after his team had lost to California in the last four seconds on The Play—the now-legendary, five-lateral kickoff return—he turned to his weeping wife, Carolyn, and muttered, “The ramifications of this are far beyond what you realize now.” Last Saturday, Wiggins walked out of Stanford Stadium for the last time as coach of the Cardinal, the ramifications having inevitably come home to roost. A completely over-matched Stanford had lost to Cal again in their Big Game, 27–18. Wiggins was leaving his alma mater—he was an All-America tackle there in 1955 and ‘56—a loser, but his dignity was intact. “He’s such a proud man,” said Stanford Guard Steve Amonetti. “That’s what makes it so tough.”

Wiggins had been asked to resign after the Cardinal’s 32–15 loss to Washington on Oct. 15; that was Stanford’s sixth straight defeat this season and ninth in a



The band played on and on

But Stanford's coach, Paul Wiggins, was out after another loss to Cal

row. Those streaks would end the next week when the Cardinal got its only 1983 victory, 31–22 over Arizona. Wiggins complied with the resignation request on Nov. 10; he also advised his players that he'd been dismissed, that he hadn't quit. Two days later, Stanford lost to Oregon, 16–7.

There's little question in Wiggins' mind that The Play set the forces against him in motion. If the Cardinal had won the 1982 Big Game, it would have finished the season with a 6–5 record, including dramatic wins over highly ranked Ohio State and Washington. With the

While Tyrrell (left) was on a roll, the band got assistance from its sax-a-cone player.



This year's Cardinal band came prepared—with helmets—when it raced onto the field.



sensational John Elway at quarterback, Stanford then would have been in line for a bowl invitation that might have salvaged what, all in all, had been a disappointing year. "There's a magic about a bowl game," Wiggins said last week. "If we'd been able to go to one, it might've put this season into some perspective. This had to be a rebuilding year for us. We'd lost a lot of star players, and we

were playing a difficult schedule. We might have survived it if we'd won the Big Game a year ago and gone on to a bowl."

In his last week as coach, Wiggins encountered reviews and re-viewings of *The Play* as it was endlessly rehearsed in print and replayed on local television. In addition, two of *The Play*'s four mad laterals, Richard Rodgers and Dwight Garner, would play for the Bears in the 1983 Big Game, and the other two, Marv Ford and Kevin Moen, would be in the stadium as spectators. Moen, who took the final pitch from Ford and scored the winning TD after racing through the Stanford band, was hailed as a returning hero and obviously reveled in his celebrity. So did Gary Tyrrell, the Stanford trombone player Moen collided with in the end zone. "It was Moen-Rodgers-Garner-Rodgers-Ford-Moen," goes the *Ballad of the Big Game*. "The only thing that slowed them was Tyrrell on trombone." Tyrrell was the star of the Stanford band's halftime show at Saturday's game.

Many irate Stanford alumni still blame the musicians for being prematurely on the field and thereby forming impromptu interference for Moen's historic dash. The band indicated in its pregame program Saturday that it was prepared to take responsibility for almost everything, including the San Andreas Fault and the fall of Rome, but not *The Play*. Then at halftime the band concluded its show by having three of its members, dressed in Cal jerseys, reenact the laterals. As one of them approached the 15-yard line, where Tyrrell sat in a wheelchair nursing feigned injuries, Tyrrell, living out a fantasy, leaped from his chair, made the

tackle, forced a fumble and earned the ball through the band and on to supposed glory. It was *The Play* turned inside out.

Nothing, of course, could reverse the likable Wiggins's fate, though he seemed to achieve a new level of popularity simply by losing his job. At one luncheon, he received three standing ovations. And the players rallied 'round him. "He taught us to never be a quitter, to always try," said Defensive Tackle Mike Wyman. "This year he did everything but put on a uniform."

But popularity could not compensate for the Cardinal's fundamental weaknesses, its lack of depth and its platitude of offensive inexperience. For the Big Game, Stanford started an all-freshman backfield, and much of the year Wiggins used freshman John Payne as his starting quarterback. "He'll be a poster athlete someday," Wiggins said, "but he's only 18 now, and I know when I was 18 I was blowing the wrappers off straws in drive-in restaurants."

Stanford and Cal usually play each other to a standstill. Last year's Big Game was the fourth in the last 10 years to be decided within the final two minutes. And upsets are so common that the underdog might as well be considered the favorite. The Cardinal, despite a 1-9 record entering Saturday's game, had several overwhelming emotional advantages over the 4-5-1 Bears. There was the win-one-for-the-Wigger factor. But an even stronger motivation was revenge for last year. The Stanford players basked at what they considered Cal's tasteless gloating over the improbable victory.

Continued

Wide Receiver Andy Bark snagged this Gilbert pass for the Bears' third touchdown.





Wiggin quickly saw The Play as a disaster.

And ironically, Garner, who Cardinal fans insist was stopped before he made the third of The Play's five laterals, received the opening kickoff Saturday. This time he was brought down after

only a 12-yard return. But for Stanford, it was mostly uphill after that.

Cal Quarterback Gale Gilbert picked the Cardinal secondary to pieces with play action passes, throwing for 263 yards and two touchdowns. Paye likewise threw for two scores, but he was rushed so furiously all day by Cal's brilliant outside linebacker, Ron Rivera, that he also threw four interceptions, one of them by Rodgers. Stanford trailed 27-9 with 43 seconds left in the game and then got a field goal from Harmon and a 53-yard TD pass from Paye to Eric Mullins to bring the Cardinal close enough to hope for a socko finish of its own. But Paye misfired on a two-point conversion attempt after the Mullins score, and a final outside kick went to the Bears. It was all over for Stanford—and Wiggin.

After the game, Cal Coach Joe Kapp rushed across the rain-soaked field to wish his ex-rival well. Wiggin was disappointed at this last loss, but he was hardly



This time Kapp needed no miracle finish.

downcast. "There was never a time when I didn't feel good about our kids," he said after the game. "I don't feel totally a failure here. I walked off that field out front, holding my head high."

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

SOUTHWEST "They remind me of a panama around a chunk of meat," said Baylor Coach Grant Traft of the Texas defenders before the Bears' 24-21 loss to the Longhorns. "They're always making that water splash. I'm a defensive coach and I admire it. I like to watch it like a beautiful painting." Indeed, the Texas defense was No. 1 in the country in three categories going in against Baylor, but the Bears were able to teach the Longhorns a thing or two about offense. Trailing 24-7 in the fourth quarter, Baylor rallied for two touchdowns to make it 24-21. The Bears' final drive was snuffed out when Texas Cornerback Mossy Cade intercepted a pass near midfield with 13 seconds to play. Baylor, now 7-3-1 and headed for the Bluebonnet Bowl, ended up with 320 yards passing, 233 more than the average allowed by the Longhorns this season and 25 more than Texas could muster in total offense.

WEST The best team in the Pac-10 at the moment may well be Washington State. After a 2-4 start, the Cougars have won five straight, including last week's 17-6 upset of Washington in the wind and rain in Seattle. Thus, for the second year in a row, Washington State is responsible for keeping the Huskies out of the Rose Bowl. "The Cougars prepared for us as well as they

ever did," said Washington Coach Don James, whose team is once again headed for the Aloha Bowl. The mainstay for State was Kerry Porter, a sophomore tailback who ran for 169 yards on the soggy turf.

And once again, the beneficiary of the Huskies' slip was UCLA. The Bruins played a lockupster first half against USC and trailed 10-6. They then heard the halftime score from Seattle—Washington State 10, Wash-

ington 3—and came to life. "It was the momentum that turned our team loose in the third quarter," said Coach Terry Donahue. UCLA scored three TDs in a six-minute span in the third quarter—on a seven-yard pass to Karl Dorrell, a 12-yard run by Kevin Nelson and a 17-yard dash by Bryan Wiley.

Oregon and Oregon State, long symbols of meekness in the Pac-10, battled to a 0-0 draw in the wind and rain of Eugene. Between them they fumbled 11 times, threw five interceptions and missed four field goal attempts. BYU defeated Utah 55-7 as Steve Young ended the regular season by completing 22 of 25 passes for 268 yards and six TDs. Among the gaggle of NCAA records now held by Young are those for total offense for a season (395.1 yards per game) and season pass-completion average (71.3%).

MIDWEST The trouble with trick plays is that they don't always work. Trailing Michigan 17-14 with 12:08 to play, Ohio State tried the old fake-fumble play. Buckeye Center Joe Dooley faked the snap to Mike Tomczak and then placed the ball down in the backfield. While the rest of the line moved to the left, Left Guard Kirk Lowdermilk was supposed to pull back, pick up the ball and run untouched around the right side. The trouble was the alertness of Michigan's defensive line, notably Tackle Mike Hammerstein, who surged across the line and fell on the ball. Ten plays later Wolverine Quarterback Steve Smith hit Tight End Eric Kattus for the eight-yard touchdown pass that made the score 24-14. The final: Michigan 24, Ohio State 21.

SI TOP 20

1. NEBRASKA (11-0)	1*
2. TEXAS (10-0)	2
3. AUBURN (9-1)	3
4. MIAMI (10-1)	4
5. ILLINOIS (10-1)	5
6. BYU (10-1)	6
7. SMU (9-1)	7
8. CLEMSON (9-1-1)	8
9. GEORGIA (8-1-1)	9
10. FLORIDA (7-2-1)	10
11. MICHIGAN (9-2)	11
12. IOWA (9-2)	12
13. BOSTON COLL. (8-2)	14
14. MARYLAND (8-3)	16
15. ALABAMA (7-2)	18
16. OHIO STATE (8-3)	15
17. WEST VIRGINIA (8-3)	12
18. PITT (8-2-1)	17
19. E. CAROLINA (8-3)	20
20. AIR FORCE (8-2)	—

*Last week



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With a 23-22 loss to Air Force, Notre Dame ended the season with a 6-5 record. The Irish, under Coach Gerry Faust, lost their last two games of 1981 and their last three of '82 and '83. The Falcons' special weapon was the hand of Defensive Tackle Chris Funk, who blocked two Mike Johnston field-goal attempts, the second a 31-yarder with four seconds remaining. "We felt Johnston was a low kicker," said Falcon Coach Ken Hatfield. "Normally we would go low and try to put pressure on the center. But this time we told our kids to stand straight up and go high."

SOUTH After North Carolina defeated Duke 34-27, Tar Heels Coach Dick Krut knocked lightly on the door of the losers' dressing room. When he entered, Blue Devil Coach Steve Sloan called for quiet, and Crum walked up to Quarterback Ben Bennett and handed him the game ball. "Our kids wanted to give you the game ball," said Crum. "You had four great football seasons." Bennett had completed

27 of 35 passes for 323 yards, giving him 9,614 yards passing in his career and the top spot in the record books, ahead of the 9,536 amassed by Brigham Young's Jim McMahon from 1977 to '81, said Bennett. "When a class organization like the Carolina football program sends its coach to give you the game ball, it makes you feel good."

Mississippi State, trailing Ole Miss 24-23, attempted a 27-yard field goal with 14 seconds remaining. Bulldog Kicker Artie Cosby sent the ball in the right direction. He hit it high enough and, apparently, far enough, but it was "blocked" by a gust of wind. "It was like something reached down and stopped the ball in flight," said Mississippi State Coach Emory Bellard. "The wind simply blew the ball back away from the goal post." That turnaround, impressive as it was, is no more dramatic than that of the Rebels team under first-year Coach Billy Brewer. After losing seven games in 1982 and five of its first six in this season, Ole Miss has defeated TCU, Vanderbilt, LSU, Tennessee and Mississippi State to

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Texas Tech Wide Receiver Leonard Harris, a 5' 8", 153-pound senior, caught 12 passes for 248 yards and one touchdown in a 43-41 loss to Houston. He had catches of 41, 38, 36 and 29 yards.

DEFENSE: In a 27-16 win over West Virginia, Syracuse Tackle Tim Green had 12 tackles, including two sacks and three others for losses. He pressured Quarterback Jeff Hostetler out of the pocket five times.

earn a berth in the Independence Bowl.

Even more impressive is the reversal at Kentucky. The Wildcats, 0-10-1 a year ago, finished 6-4-1 under second-year Coach Jerry Claiborne and, despite their 10-0 loss to Tennessee last week, will play in the Hall of Fame Bowl against West Virginia.

EAST With 19 seconds left and Pitt leading 24-21, Penn State Quarterback Doug Strang was sacked on his own 40 yard line. The play took six seconds and the clock stood at :13, but the Nittany Lions had jumped offside—and the flags had been thrown—before the snap. Because the clock at Pitt Stadium shouldn't have been started and because it couldn't readily be reset, the officials ruled—and informed both benches—that six seconds would be added to the game after the clock ran out. By the time 0:00 flashed on the board, Strang had marched the Lions to the Pitt 16. At that juncture, hundreds of Pitt fans ran onto the field to celebrate their apparent victory. After the mob was cleared from the field, Nick Giancino kicked a 32-yard field goal to give Penn State a 24-24 tie. "I'm dumbfounded," said Pitt Tackle Bill Fraley. "The clock said zero. I saw it." Said Lion Coach Joe Paterno, "It's not my nature to be happy with a tie. We were going to try a fake field goal, but our seniors worked so hard I wanted them to leave with something."

For the second week in a row Syracuse played the spoiler, following up its 21-10 upset of Boston College with a 27-16 triumph over West Virginia. The Orange defensive line did unto Mountaineer Quarterback Jeff Hostetler as he had done unto Eagle Doug Flutie, sacking Hostetler six times and harassing him into three interceptions.

Against hitherto unbeaten Holy Cross, Flutie had a difficult first half, completing three of 16 passes with two interceptions. But after leading only 10-0 at the half, BC—and Flutie—came on to win 47-7.

Harvard and Yale may have 100 games under their belts (see box), but in the 119th meeting between Lehigh and Lafayette, the Engineers prevailed 22-14 as Linebacker John Shigo made 11 tackles and set up a field goal with a 22-yard interception return. **END**



CALL IT A BOO-LA BOO-LA BROUHAHA

The tickets for Harvard's 100th meeting with Yale were especially quaint, decorated as they were with outlines of Elihu Yale (in blue) and John Harvard (in crimson) above an 1816 poem, *Songs*, by Sir Walter Scott. ("Thou'st ripen'd, lad, and to it, though sharp be the weather./And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall./There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather./And life is itself but a game at football.") A crowd of 70,097 gathered, many of them paying \$5 for a souvenir program, and Harvard, led by Quarterback Greg Gizzi's .3 yards running and 94 passing, triumphed 16-7 to gain a share, with Penn, of the Ivy championship.

For the Elis, the loss ended their worst season in 111 years of football: they had a 1-9 record. Not surprisingly, their performance has produced a lot of disgruntled alumni. To many of them the culprits are Yale President A. Bartlett Giamatti and Athletic Director Frank Ryan, who's better

known for having quarterbacked the Cleveland Browns in the 1960s.

In 1979 Giamatti cut back on football admissions. "When we were freshmen," says Eli senior Wingback Roger Javens, "it looked like Harvard had 100 guys and we had 30." In 1980 Giamatti gave a speech decrying overemphasis on college athletics and the excesses of recruiting. Since then Yale's assistant coaches have had to attend to duties on campus during the prime recruiting season, and funds reportedly have been cut back to the point that there was no soap in the showers for the Eli football players during a two-week stretch in September.

Coach Carmen Cozza, secure with a 119-53-3 record in 19 years at Yale, is pointing no fingers. "I don't want anyone but myself blamed for a losing season," he says. But the alumni, who have always revered Cozza, won't go along with that. Says 1955 Eli Captain Phil Taranovic, "Ryan and Giamatti are destroying the program."

by Robert Sullivan



In single file the skiers charge through the pines on a mountainside near West Yellowstone, Mont., arms and legs pumping rhythmically; the only sounds are

the labored breathing of the athletes and the hiss of skis through new snow. One by one, as the skiers reach a clearing, they stop, unstrap rifles from their backs and take aim at targets 50 meters away. A small woman bundled in a red parka stands behind the firing line observing the riflemen. "O.K., breathe," she mutters to herself. "Breathe again. Now take a deep breath... exhale slowly..." A shot echoes through the clearing, then another and another.

The woman is Marie Alkire, 45, the shooting coach of the U.S. biathlon team. One of the least understood of Winter Olympic sports, biathlon is that exotic hybrid in which cross-country skiers periodically interrupt their racing to shoot at small targets. The difficult part of the sport consists not of skiing fast or shooting well, but of doing both in concert.



She turns rabbits into rocks

Marie Alkire teaches gasping U.S. biathletes when to pull the trigger

Says Alkire, "Try sprinting full out around the neighborhood track, then stopping to thread a needle."

It is the job of Alkire and the team's skiing coach, Ken Allgood of Anchorage, Alaska, to teach gasping U.S. biathletes how to thread that needle successfully for February's Winter Games in Sarajevo. The 29 members of the American team are now in training at the village of West Yellowstone, 80 miles south of Bozeman, skiing, shooting, running, lifting weights and generally getting in shape for six races in December and the Olympic Trials at Lake Placid in early January. Allgood, a former Army biathlete, works on the athletes' skiing style and teaches them how to control their breathing while racing, so that they'll ar-

rive at the range ready to shoot. There Alkire awaits them. "I watch for small things that are part of the integrated act of firing a shot," she says. "The trigger pull, and the breathing—its pattern and rhythm. When they come in we have them breathe a little bit deeper prior to shooting, then take two or three breaths per shot. There's an inhale and a slow exhale, with the shot at the end of the exhale."

Alkire has an unusual background for a biathlon coach. "I grew up in Kansas," Alkire says. "I've never really lived where you can ski." So she did things little girls in Kansas do, like shoot. Her father, Robert D. Thompson, coached Marie and her sister, now Margaret Murdock, in marksmanship. Margaret joined

the Army and became one of the world's premier shooters, winning a silver medal in rifle at the 1976 Olympics. Marie became national Women's Air Rifle Champion in 1975, served as the U.S. shooting team's manager in the late '70s and coached in the National Rifle Association's Junior Olympics program. When the biathlon team went looking for a shooting coach two years ago, there stood Alkire, experienced and loaded for bear.

"I had never been on cross-country skis before," Alkire says. "On our first training trip to West Yellowstone, they had an extra pair, so I tried them. It was fun, but I learned quickly that it was my job to be at the range. I still only ski when we've got spare time, which isn't often."

Another new experience for Alkire was losing. "The U.S. shooting team was always on top," she says. "We've been winning gold in rifle in the Olympics since 1964. So it was tough to go to Russia last year for the World Biathlon

At the training-camp range in West Yellowstone, Alkire puts a team member on target.

Championships and get our butts kicked. I'm used to always beating the Russians."

Perhaps so, but realistically the U.S. biathlon team stands little chance of beating the Soviets at Sarajevo. An estimated 20,000 athletes participate in biathlons in the U.S.S.R.; the U.S., in contrast, has only 200 active biathletes.

The popularity of the sport in Europe is surprising, because it would not seem to be a game for the masses. It is the sports world's Dr. Jekyll: a thing painfully at odds with itself. In other compound sports, for example the decathlon and pentathlon, events are approached in sequence—the third effort doesn't really affect the fourth, apart from increasing the athlete's fatigue. Not so in biathlon: When the skier glides into the range he starts shooting, and when he has squeezed off five shots he immediately

skis on. Says U.S. biathlete Don Nielsen, 32, of Boulder, Colo., "Skiing and shooting is a marriage made in hell. It's a physical contradiction of impossible proportions. Biathlon is turning from a rabbit to a rock and then back again."

In Olympic competition there are two individual events, the 10- and 20-kilometer runs, plus a 30-km relay. In the 20-km race the skier enters the target range four times, shooting a small-bore nonautomatic .22 rifle from the prone position on the first visit, the standing position on the second, then prone, then standing. Targets for upright shooting are 11½ centimeters in diameter; for prone shooting, 4½ cm. Each miss adds a one-minute penalty to the skier's running time. In the 10-km sprint there are only two shooting sessions, and a 150-meter penalty loop must be skied for each miss.

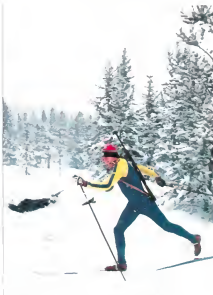
To turn from rabbit to rock, top biathletes begin to decelerate several hundred meters from the shooting range so they can effectively steady their guns. "The best Europeans have their breathing down when they're shooting," says Alkire. "They shoot, breathe once, shoot again, breathe again. Some of my guys are gasping. The Europeans approach it as an entity and start training as biathletes when they're 10 years old. Many of our guys are skiers who just get a gun and off they go."

Still, the U.S. team at Sarajevo should do better than it has in recent years. On good days, Nielsen and Lyle Nelson, 34, of Squaw Valley, Calif., are among the best biathletes that America has ever produced. Peter Hoag, 29, from Minneapolis, and Martin Hagen, 29, of Jackson Hole, Wyo., are veterans hoping to make the Olympic team for a third time. And prospects for the future look promising. Alkire says that her junior-team members are "thinking like biathletes."

What the biathlon team needs now is a different level of financing. The team gets only \$62,600 annually from the USOC, plus another \$30,000 or so from fundraising events such as firearms raffles. The money is spread so thin that Alkire must stay in touch with her athletes by

mail during the summer because funds are not available for phone calls. One thing would improve the situation dramatically. "If we could medal, it would help so much," says Alkire. "Cross-country skiing was simply a different sport here after Bill Koch medaled." As the now prosperous U.S. ski team has discovered, gold begets gold and silver, silver.

Unfortunately, it would take something of a miracle for the biathlon team to win medals in Sarajevo. In other words, don't hold your breath. Marie. **END**



The rabbit: Nelson races on a Montana mountainside.



The rock: Hoag shoots from the prone position at a target the size of a half-dollar.





THE LIEGE LORD OF NOXZEMA

Houston's Akeem Olatuwon came out of Nigeria to give a new meaning to the term "faze job"

by Curry Kirkpatrick



Salaam and Abike anticipate the day their son quits the hoops and scoops and returns home.

CONTINUED



Though he was the Final Four MVP, Olajuwon's dream became a nightmare after the loss to N.C. State.

Yes, he thinks about it. He replays it over and over on the videocassette of his mind. He even acts it out for friends and strangers—standing up and pretending to jockey for position, turn, boulder the territory on the lane, to do absolutely everything he'd done all through Houston's sterling season, all through the NCAA tournament, all through that magnificent championship game. Except one thing. As a precaution against crashing his head through the thin slats of his apartment ceiling, he doesn't jump.

He didn't jump that star-crossed night in New Mexico either. Of course, there was no need to. The shot, by North Caro-

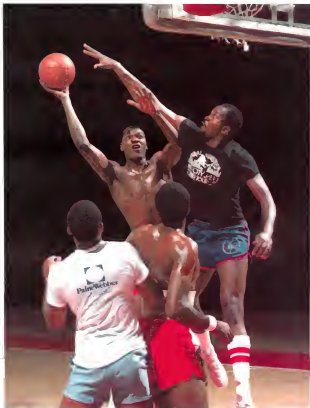
lina State's Derek Whittenburg, was terrible, a 35-foot shanked putt from 40 feet, a wounded balloon that was losing air fast and would die short. He knew that. He would take the long rebound, hold the ball and then straighten things out in overtime. He knew that, too. Just because everything had gone wrong for all the other Houston Cougars on the night they would be kings, just because their coach, Guy Lewis, had ordered the fastest, quickest, runningest, dunkingest, most creatively athletic college basketball team in years, the already legendary Phi Slamma Jamma, into a virtual stall; just because Cougar Forward Clyde Drexler hadn't been able to breathe with-

out fouling somebody, and Forward Larry Micheaux had refused to mix it up or guard anybody, and Guard Michael Young had faded selfishly into one-on-one land, and Swingman Benny Anders had just now barely missed an interception at midcourt from where he might have swooped in untouched for the winning basket; just because Micheaux wasn't even in the game to help him rebound—further evidence of the brain-



drawn on the bench—just because all that had happened didn't mean he couldn't win this thing by himself.

He took a gargantuan stride up the lane when Anders lunged for the ball way out front. But then, suddenly, the shot was in the air. The ball was far above his head, where he couldn't block it or tip it or swat it or catch it or terrorize it as he had been doing for all his infant basketball life. And so he turned to hold posi-



Moses practices against Akron, who Brown says makes NBA players look like "chopped liver."

tion and wait for a rebound and, in OT, the national championship. Hakeem (The Hadream) Abdul Ajibola Olajuwon is still waiting.

"Face job," Olajuwon says as he shakes his head and stares at the floor in his Houston apartment while recalling Whittenburg's shot that fell short of the rim and the subsequent dunk at the buzzer by the Wolfpack's Lorenzo Charles that clinched the 1983 national title. "The man give me severe face job."

Live by the sword. . . Regardless of how you define face job—The In-

Your-Face Basketball Book translates the more orthodox version of the term, "face job," as "an individual offensive or defensive move so captivating that it wins for one player for one moment, the karma of face"—there may have been only one greater irony in the 1982-83 college basketball season than that at the ultimate moment the ultimate dunkster was vanquished by a dunk. And this was that this marvelous facial artiste, the sport's brand new liege lord of Noxzema, is a 7-foot-tall Yoruban tribesman from the filthy streets of Lagos, Nigeria who subsists on oysters and Bisquick and who until two years ago did not know what a face job was.

Whether N.C. State performed a mir-

Olajuwon averaged 14 points, 11 rebounds and five blocks a game in his first year as a starter.

continued

AKEEM THE DREAM

continued



Olajuwon with brother and schoolmate Alke Spencer (above left) and (right) with girl friend, Lisa Spencer, and Posa, who sold him on Houston.

acle or Houston simply screwed up in those final 40 minutes of the season now seems inconsequential compared with the nation's discovery of Olajuwon. Specifically, what happened was that a gentle, muffle-mouthed, supposedly undisciplined African, for God's sake, who began the season as little more than a curiosity—with the usual "speech-chucker" slurs—emerged as the most feared college basketball star in nearly a decade. The real Ralph Sampson.

After he cut a swath through the Southwest Conference, inhaling great gobs of knowledge virtually by the minute—"learning to play in English," in the words of an opposing coach—and then imposed his will on a Maryland slowdown in Houston's first game in the

NCAA tournament. Olajuwon trashed the rest of a tough card: Memphis State (21 points, six rebounds, two blocks); Villanova (20, 13 and eight); Louisville (21, 22 and eight). And, yes, North Carolina State (20, 18 and 11). Immediately the world, not merely dinner, was Olajuwon's oyster.

Akeem the Dream was the first person from a non-winning team to earn Most Valuable Player honors in the NCAA tournament in 17 years. His defense and shot-blocking—he had 175 for the season—evoked Russellian rhapsodies. Unlike Georgetown's Pat Ewing, who prefers to hang back beneath the rim in a semiquiet so he can readily leap in to the block, Olajuwon came roaring out to cover areas Bill Russell used to, six to seven feet from the basket, where he would take off in full flail with the quickest jump anyone could remember. Moreover, about the middle of February Olajuwon began asking for the ball, demanding it, wanting to score. When he got it he displayed solid square-up form

and a feathery touch on his jump shot to go with his practically unstoppable power move to the basket. Oh, yes, he also squeezed every rebound available, right up to that final Albuquerque air ball when there was no rebound to squeeze.

Going into last season Olajuwon had played a little more than four years of organized ball, much of it in some of the more esoteric tank towns in sport—Casablanca, Morocco? Luanda, Angola? Lagos for—what was it? Moslem Teachers College? Yeah, right. He had no concept of the techniques of basketball. Anything on the rim was fair game. If it moved in the key, belt it. And so there he was last November—raw, unpolished, a brute. But an inevitable force, too.

Hubie Brown, coach of the New York Knicks, had only to watch Olajuwon on television once last season before recognizing, Brown says, "a massive strength and intimidation coming off the screen. The explosive jump—a lot of guys have that once, but this kid keeps jumping and jumping, blocking and blocking. And

continued



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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued



Olajuwon formed a first friendship in Houston with Anders (standing, above); Yummy Russell (below, right) has been his pal for years.



now we know he can score. No wonder Moses Malone practices against Akeem all the time. After Akeem, all our NBA guys are chopped liver."

Ah, Moses. Gruff, tough, indomitable. Big Mo. The preeminent center. The pro's pro. The champion. Mr. T minus the earrings. One day in September in Houston, Olajuwon and Malone were engaged in one of their daily crash and gore tête-à-têtes under the "rack" when Malone called a foul on his young protégé, who immediately took exception. "Aww, no!" Olajuwon roared. "Dammit, Mo. Be a MON!"

Any 20-year-old undergraduate who can get away with ordering Malone to affirm his masculinity, even in jest, obviously should be granted wide berth. On and off the court. Thus misconceptions, even totally erroneous data about

Olajuwon, many spread by the man himself, have held sway during the Cougars' two consecutive runs through the national media to the Final Four. (Houston lost to North Carolina in the 1982 semifinals in New Orleans after falling behind 14-0 with the freshman Olajuwon on the bench. The score was 18-8 when Lewis sent him into the game. He played 20 minutes and finished with two points and six rebounds. Houston lost 68-63. The lack of playing time in that game remains a sore spot between player and coach.)

From the beginning, Olajuwon could have been known as Akeem the Scheme. He had been living away from his family's home in Lagos for several years before arriving on the Houston campus in October 1980, and he'd learned to be wary, shrewd and insightful long before he was exposed to the cowboy culture. Like Parisians answering American tourists' questions or Ronald Reagan conversing with newsmen on the White House lawn, the newly arrived Olajuwon understood only those parts of the English language he wished to understand. "Checking it all out" is his description of this early strategy. This enigmatic behavior was exemplified late in 1980 when Olajuwon filled out a questionnaire for Houston's sports publicity department.

Olajuwon's answers were significant only because of his pithy concluding sentence: "And I guarantee (sic) 9 or 8 block shots." On the same page, he had spelled his last name wrong, had exaggerated the heights of his parents and brothers and sisters and had ignored the existence of his youngest brother, Afis. As a result, for weeks Houston writers were referring to Akeem Olajuwon and his family of giants. The spelling was soon corrected, but to this day some journalists refer to Olajuwon's eldest brother as "the 7' 5" Kaka." He's 5' 10", tops.

Cougar Assistant Coach Don Schverak remembers Olajuwon returning from a football game his first weekend on campus. Schverak asked him how he liked the game. Olajuwon answered, "I don't understand." Schverak never knew whether Olajuwon meant the game or the question, but for several weeks all he seemed to say was: "I don't understand."

"It's a possibility Akeem didn't comprehend some things at first," says Jay Goldberg, the Houston sports information director. "But a secretary found his

continued

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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued

name spelled right on his passport papers. Then there are his street smarts. And his grades, which are good (a 2.5 grade point average while majoring in business technology). I think he meant to present an illusion of dumb. On purpose. He was testing people to see whom he could trust."

In reality, English is the primary language in Nigeria, a former British colony that gained independence in 1960. English is the constant among more than 300—nobody counts anymore—dialects heard in the land. In his two secondary schools—Olujuwon attended Baptist Academy, coat and tie and all, before transferring to Moslem Teachers—students were fined when they *didn't* use English. So was language such a problem? "Let's put it this way," says Lewis. "Akeem understood Texanese much better than we understood Akin."

Olujuwon enunciates his words very quickly, sometimes running them together in a garble. He isn't a strict grammarian either. But he displays the utmost pride in refraining from the colloquialisms so often heard in locker rooms throughout his new country. "You know this jive?" says Olujuwon. "This is just bad English. In Nigeria we are naughty boys to use this jive around our parents or in public. People will look at you like you're a bad person—common, coarse. Sometimes I find myself doing this and I do not like it. I picked up 'I be.' You have heard it. 'I be there.' 'What you be doing?' I will not keep talking like this. I kid around with my teammates—but only for fun. You know they actually say this: 'You is.' 'How tall you is?' 'Dude.' 'Hey, Dude.' 'Judge.' 'What is happening, Judge?' Can you believe they talk like this? I say, 'Who is this Judge?'"

Olujuwon's teammates claim, however, that once he gets hold of a new slang expression, he beats it to death. Getting down. Rock your world. Faze job. "After the brothers taught Akeem 'rock your world' he must have used it 100 times in practice one day," says Reid Gettys. Houston's white-hope guard. "Of course, they use it as a kind of angry pseudo threat. You know, 'I'mgonnaslapyourstuff-outthere, bro. I'mgonnarockyourworld.' But when Akeem tried it, he came out with that clipped British accent. Very precise, polite. He said, 'Now I am going to rock your world.' All afternoon. 'Now I am going to rock your world.' It cracked everybody up."

Even Anders, Olujuwon's roommate at the time, was mystified at first. "The dude be talkin' weird from jump street," says Anders, who can be somewhat incomprehensible himself. And what do

continued



Akeem's kin: brother-in-law Dipe, sister-in-law Elizabeth, sister Kudli, brothers Adin and Kaka, mother Abike, father Salanu, brother Tajo and Kaka's kids.

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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued



the friends talk about? Says Anders, "We just lay up and rap about what's coming down."

Shortly after Olajuwon arrived at Houston he practiced for 15 minutes with the varsity. Zap! There disappeared one full season of eligibility until the school appealed for—and later received—a special ruling from the Southwest Conference that allowed Olajuwon to count that first season as his redshirt year, despite that quarter-hour. When Olajuwon heard that as a redshirted freshman he could not play or even practice with the team, he was so distraught he nearly packed up, rhinestone dashiki and all, and flew home. "He thought the ruling meant he had to sit out for four years," Lewis says with a chuckle.

There were other early crises involving food. Akeem was gravely hungry, unable to indulge his passion for *fufu*, a Nigerian treat of stew poured over baked dough; dodos, the huge, fried bananas of his homeland; and the hot, spicy *lofeli* rice preparation that will tear the insides out of any Tex-Mex chili connoisseur. Bisquick solved the *fufu* problem. Akeem's palate was further satisfied when he discovered Capt'n Benny's Half Shell oyster bars and when he found a certain kind of paradise in an American dish known as ice cream. He couldn't get enough of the latter; he still can't. He began carrying an ice cooler around the campus that contained Dixie Cups, Nutty Buddies and Popsicles as well as plain old vanilla by the scoop. At a team meal on the road Olajuwon ordered from one of those menus that feature color photographs of the fare. He insisted that the waitress bring what resembled a billowing white delicacy. Olajuwon dug right in. It was straight Reddi-Wip. "Excuse me," he inquired in his considerate way. "Why is my ice cream not cold?"

For a couple of months, Olajuwon seemed overcome by his painful shyness. He rarely left the campus except for late-night walks to Frenchy's for another new discovery—fried chicken—or for rides with teammates to nearby Texas Southern University to scout the coeds. Back then, he'd never get out of the car

continued

Sanderson's business scene includes the Olajuwon cement firm and a neighbor's furniture store



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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued

He'd just stare and salivate. "He got unserved when people weren't patient with him," says Drexler. "I think he was homesick a lot. But we helped him, taught him our ways, introduced him to the nightclubs. He watched everything we did. He was a hawk. Gosh, it seems so long ago. What a change. Now, I can't keep up with his women. They're all



and some Houston athletic department personnel, is an occasional butt of jokes by both the Cougar players and rival coaching staffs. His nickname is Fat Chance. But Olajuwon refuses to join in the kidding about Kirkpatrick's bulk. "Coach T is Big Duddy. T is my mon," he says. "Do you know what I am saying? I was brought up to honor and respect older people. I bow to them out of respect. O.K., they

laughed at me, so I stopped. I know some people still think I was living in Nigeria, naked in the jungle and swinging through the trees. I know what they think about Africa. I do not like it. They are stupid. Lagos is a big, vibrant city. Tall buildings. Offices. Civilization. Designer clothes. We have a Copperfield store just like in Houston. We have videos in Nigeria. We have Pat Benatar."

In Lagos, Olajuwon also had an inspirational hero and soul mate named Yommy Sangodeyi, otherwise known as Yommy Basket, because when Yommy released a long jumper and it dropped, the crowd would follow the ball with the wailing cheer "Yommmmmmyyyyy Basket!" The muscular, 6'10" Sangodeyi, who was a veritable Mr. Basketball in Africa, is now a junior at Sum Houston State, an NCAA Division II school in Huntsville, Texas. "Yommy Basket was the franchise," Olajuwon says.

Sangodeyi (Yoruban for god of thunder) arrived in Houston in 1981, a year

continued



over him. The man is a club junkie."

Throughout his early days at Houston, Olajuwon held to a couple of tenets that seemed quite foreign in the age of the sportsnasty: respect for people, enthusiasm for his game. Olajuwon has quit bowing upon meeting people—"I mean the man bowed after we just had left him an hour earlier," says Drexler—but he remains deferential and courteous.

Take the case of Houston Assistant Coach Terry Kirkpatrick, who for legal purposes is Olajuwon's guardian in the U.S. Kirkpatrick, a controversial, rather hefty figure who long has had an antagonistic relationship with the local press

Urbanization has run amok in Lagos, where the dances may be perfectly modern, but the "go-slows" snarl the traffic and the sewers are open.



DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeiffer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like*.

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur*, a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live*.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "After eight years of taking orders in an advertising agency, the time had come. The director would become the director. And I did."

PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closest recluse."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label."® "After a long casting session and too many stage mothers, having a Dewar's and soda is the only honorable thing to do."



AKEEM THE DREAM

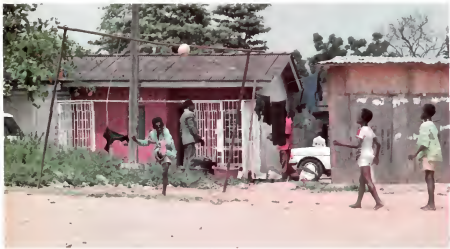
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after Olujuwon, but by NCAA rules he was too old at 25 to start playing in NCAA Division I. Can he play? Pro scouts believe he may have a future in their league. Yommy NBAONCBS' Akeem and Yommy Basket dream of going to a pro team together in a Nigerian package deal. The two are such fast friends that each drives the two-hour round trip between Houston and Huntsville just to watch the other's games and

Yommy Basket. "They just wanted to gaze on me. Akeem said I was his idol. This is nothing new for me. I am big in Nigerian basketball. The only trouble is Nigerian basketball is not big. Nobody gets excited. I am All-Nigeria. But now they know Akeem in China. He is all-world."

Olujuwon says his biggest surprise in the U.S. of A. has been that the Houston trainer has so many sneakers. In so many

Not that Olujuwon got much use out of them in his redshirt season. Still, Drexler recalls, Olujuwon could hardly contain his excitement on game days. "In class, in the dorm, every time we'd see him, he'd grab us and say 'You got to win' or 'I can't wait.' At Hofheinz Pavilion he'd sit in the first row behind the bench, holler and cheer us on. He was always running down to congratulate us. And he really liked it when I dunked."



On this dusty playground across the street from his home, Olujuwon, a gangly teen-ager at the time, was discovered by the Lagos State basketball coach.

share a meal. Yommy Basket lived in Olujuwon's apartment last summer; he still receives his mail from Africa there.

"Yommy is here. Here is he. Oh, Yommy, Yommy, Yommy. Yeah, Yommy." Olujuwon fights up like a Christmas tree the moment Sangodeyi arrives. They clasp hands in a native African shake that puts to rout any multiple skin greetings heretofore witnessed in North America; on the takeaway both snap their fingers.

Sangodeyi is an imposing, charismatic figure. He met Akeem at the Nigerian national basketball camp in Lagos, in 1980. "These kids wanted me to sit down," says

sizes. Olujuwon wore 14s at home. He searched Nigeria far and wide to find them. "The first day here the guy takes me to a stall, and there are 14s all over. Oh, I think I am dreaming," says Olujuwon. "I try them on. Oh, I cannot play today. Too tight. I work them in for a month. The guy says wait. He opens up a drawer and there are 15s! I am dreaming again. They are still tight. He says he will give me 16s! Can you imagine this? I don't know what he is saying. There is a whole room of 16s! I cannot believe this. It was the first time I wore shoes that felt like that. They felt like I had no shoes on at all!"

The following autumn Olujuwon found a fascinating new influence, if not a kindred spirit, in his roommate, Anders, the smooth swamp fox from Louisiana, the self-proclaimed "outlaw," the sophisticate with the jet-curls haircut, the Armani jackets, the Sammy Davis Jr. jewelry. Was it any wonder the loud glamour puss from the country became an intriguing role model for the quiet, serious type from the city? That first year Anders asked his roommate about Africa—How are the girls? Where do you party? Olujuwon showed Anders pictures from home and explained the culture. They exchanged nicknames—Swahili for

continued

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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued

Akeem, and Goldilocks for Benny—and Anders introduced Olajuwon to salad. "We were like pen pals; we lived and breathed off each other," says Anders.

It was about this time that Olajuwon started becoming Westernized or, as Schverak puts it, "Cougazized." He had caught on to American customs, clothes, hairstyles, headphones. Who can forget the hilarious portrait of Akeem the Dream practicing free throws at the '83 Final Four with his Walkman wires encircling his majestic face? It was obvious Anders had alerted Olajuwon to the wonders of the press as well.

In their freshman season, 1981-82, Anders and Olajuwon shared another thing: They didn't get to play enough basketball. Olajuwon's major liability was that he wasn't in shape. He had never really been an American basketball shape. He had back spasms early that year; they were caused by growing pains and aggravated by a simple lack of loosening-up exercises. "I didn't know about this stretching," says Olajuwon. He'd make a ferocious dunk and come down the floor holding his back. He'd play five minutes and be exhausted. He'd play 10 and foul out. "I kept him out of games," says Lewis. "I wouldn't let him practice till he could run. That first year he never did get to where he could play a full game. He actually hurt us in there. You can't play up-tempo when four guys are running and the other is dying."

According to Lewis, the only defensive skill Olajuwon exhibited was in blocking shots—the shots of somebody else's man; his own guy usually dribbled around him. "I don't care how you slice



The National Sports Hall in Lagos is only 10 years old, but the scoreboard is from an earlier era.

it," the coach adds, "he flat out didn't know how to play."

Olajuwon doesn't see it precisely this way. "I don't understand the talk about how much I have improved," he says. "I always play like this. Now I just get more minutes. I average 18 minutes two years ago, 27 minutes last year. No wonder I'm improved. As a frosh I went to Lewis and ask him why I was not starting. In practice nobody could stop me. He says he

wanted me to stay out of foul trouble. That was not good enough excuse. I start eight games, all away. [It was actually six, five away.] Other games, at the 10-minute mark I go in. He playing me according to minutes, not according to games. He took me out of the Texas game after one dunk. Make me so mad, I sit with the trainers. CBS went to class with me. They talk to Lewis about me. He says I'm still learning, still don't know game. He talks good about Drexler, Young, Mitchell. Not about me. Against North Carolina in the Final Four he doesn't start me, and they're coming down the lane shooting layups! I am so mad. I am burning up. Coach Lewis can mess up my mind. When I finally get in against Carolina, I am so mad I don't care if we lose."

Whoa, now. Let Olajuwon seem like your neighborhood NBA malcontent, it's true that Lewis, a hard-nosed, no-bluff character from the old school, used to nail him regularly in the newspapers. How you going to keep Akeem from the pros, coach? Hah! It's hard enough to

continued

Nigerian fans gave unremitting support to their team, but it still lost a close game to Liberia.



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AKEEM THE DREAM

by LANCE DUNN

keep him from fouling out. Stuff like that. Once Olajuwon appeared at Lewis' front door in tears after what he considered a public rebuke. "Awww, I know I sound like Akeem never did anything right," says Lewis, "but he had so much dang potential."

Last winter, before he laid waste to the NCAA tournament, Olajuwon was on the prowl. Thirty points, 10 of them on dunks, against Utah. Twenty-two rebounds against SMU. Eleven blocks against Arkansas and 11 more against Southwestern Louisiana. By the end of the season Olajuwon had scored and rebounded in double figures 20 times, and the Coogs were 19-1 in those games—N.C. State being the one. Olajuwon had shot 61.2% from the floor. "Hey, Bone Nose, if you don't get any better, we're shipping you back on the boat," teammate Alvin Franklin would shout. This summer, working against Malone at Houston's Fonde Recreation Center downtown, across from police headquarters, Olajuwon seemed to improve by half again.

"Against Moses, Akeem was freer, looser, more assertive, going to his killer move on instinct," says McCoy McLemore, an old NBA forward. "It was like he was no longer a foreigner but a cocky hip, black schoolyard dude. Confident. A hustler. He also worked the weights and got his weight up to 255. Moses couldn't take a day off against him anymore. They were two titans. The beauty of it was both were laughing—Moses was so proud and tickled. They recognized they could stop each other while nobody else could. It was a dead standoff."

Time spent with Akeem Olajuwon does not necessarily lessen the culture shock imposed by a visit to Nigeria. What's more, his shy, sweet nature, the meticulous organization of his life—Olajuwon's black-and-white snapshots are kept in albums in chronological order; he carefully brushes each of his records before and after playing them—leaves one totally unprepared for the overwhelming arrogance, venality, blight and chaos of his hometown. "Akeem is a gift from his family, not from Lagos," says Adeyemi Kaka, his 35-year-old half brother.

Nigeria is the most populous African nation. Lagos, with nearly six million people, the political, commercial, manu-

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AKEEM THE DREAM

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facturing and shipping center of the country, is urban Africa at its most horrendous. Three-fourths of the city's residents live in rooming houses in which the average occupancy is more than five people per room. Almost 40% of the work force is unemployed or underemployed. In the early 1970s Lagos became an oil-rich boomtown, but now, along with the world petroleum market, it has gone fairly bust. The place is a symbol of capitalism run amok. Skyscrapers hard by open sewers. Emaciated livestock pitifully nosing into a jam-up of cars, trucks, taxis and "mammy wagons,"—half-van, half-bus, all-rattletrap. Horrid junkyards, firetrap shantytowns, broken-down marketplaces and inactive construction sites dominate the landscape. Smoke and grime and foul odors are staples of the atmosphere. Bribery and hyperinflation are staples of the economy. DO NOT URNATE HERE signs are plastered all over the exterior walls of the bus station.

Lagos lies mainly on three islands in the crook of the Gulf of Guinea and is linked to the mainland by bridges which should take about 15 minutes to traverse. Traffic is so congested that peddlers can sell everything from watches to cheese to ironing boards car-to-car during the hourly "go-slows."

Arriving U.S. State Department employees are plagued by a 25% cost of living differential—the maximum allowed—for serving in a hardship post. Beirut and San Salvador also are 25%. "This is the costliest, ugliest, craziest, dirtiest place in Africa," says Bill Campbell, a free-lance photographer based in Nairobi, Kenya who has been shot up in combat. "and the absolutely worst peacetime place to work in I know."

It's necessary to know in detail what Olajuwon comes from to understand why he's so unusual—not just for a college basketball player in America but also for a Nigerian. Amid the squalor of Lagos the Olajuwon home at 19 Bank Olemeh Street in the Surulere neighborhood seems an oasis. At first glance Alhaji Sa-

lism Oluide Olajuwon, 68, and Alhaja Abike Olajuwon, 63, Akeem's father and mother, respectively, appear to have spent more for their spectacular outfits—the traditional Yoruban gowns and caps known as *Aso-Oles* and *Fifas*—than they have for their humble abode. They are a large, handsome, formidable pair—strong features; warm, open, animated; smiling and laughing, often uproariously at nothing at all. The 6'3" Salism, a cement man, makes regular trips to the Lagos docks where he brokers the incoming loads. Abike, who is about four inches shorter than her husband, handles the neighborhood cement orders, which they keep in a shed next to their home.



Salism (right), here attending his first game, hasn't seen Akeem play.

No. 19, a one-story, three-bedroom red concrete house behind a small fenced-in courtyard, is nestled among similar domiciles that belong to members of Nigeria's relatively small middle class. Goats and chickens wander along the potholed dirt street. A merchant dyes his cloth in enormous, flaming vats outside his shop across the way. Women walk by carrying fried bread and cassava on the flat trays perched atop their heads. Behind the dye vats there's a sandlot soccer field, rutted and rocky, with only one goal, which is bent. It's used as a simple

playground by the neighborhood dogs and children and is the only evidence of sports in the area. This is where a Nigerian basketball coach spotted the gangling 6'9", 170-pound Olajuwon, leaning against the goal one day.

Abike stands laughing in the courtyard. She's said to speak no English, but upon introduction she says, "Mommy Akeem, Mommy Akeem." Let's see. Besides Mommy and Pop and Akeem, there's 6'7" Akan, who has gone off to join his brother at Houston, where he's a freshman at the university but isn't on the basketball team; and two other brothers, Tajul, 17, and Adis, 13, who are still at home. Adis is the neighborhood "pin pon" (table tennis) champion. Akeem's sister Kudi, 22, who was educated at the American University in Cairo and is married to a Nigerian doctor, lives nearby, as does Kaka, a surveyor in Lagos, who when visiting the elder Olajuwons, parks his Mercedes 230 SL on the wooden boards that cover the sewer out front. Many aunts and uncles and cousins join the Olajuwons nearly every Sallah (holy day) for a family celebration.

This is the second marriage for both Olajuwons, though each has been monogamous—unlike Moslems in northern Nigeria, where husbands take as many as four wives. Kaka, who is Abike's son by her late first husband, acquired his taste for Savile Row suits while attending graduate school in London. Just as Kaka and Kudi went away to university and have come back, so is Akeem expected to do the same—following a hiatus for his chosen profession, of course.

"When he was here I did not want to encourage my son in basketball, because I did not know the value," says Salism. "Now that I see what Akeem is doing, I compel Tajul to keep playing—haw, haw, haw. But this talk of professional basketball. When I heard this I was not happy. I wish for Akeem to finish his studies. After that he can jump into any business he wishes—even cement. Haw, haw."

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This is Rowe Park, where long before Oluajuwon became an international star in Houston, he was known as Koko Oer and where his ex-coach says he was "too kind with too much respect for the opposition."



Long before Akeem grew to scholarship height, the family spoke of sending him to the U.S. for his education. With a countryman, tennis player Ndaka Odzor, enrolled at the University of Houston and a large Nigerian contingent at Texas Southern, Houston, the famous oil

city, "rang small bells," says Kaka. The older Oluajuwon children had gone to school far away, but no one had studied in America. This would be a change. If Akeem could qualify, it was time. "Our parents have always advocated a strong education above everything," says Kaka. "It is the greatest legacy a chap will have as security against poverty. Akeem always loved this idea of going away from home to prove his worth. He was going for all the good reasons. We expected him to be gone for four or five years. Mother was so close to him. Still, leaving was a form of joy."

As the first born, Kaka was Akeem's primary adviser. He reminded Akeem of three Oluajuwon family rules: "one: Face your studies squarely, two: Keep away from bad friends; three: Stay calm, collected." The hallmark of Yoruban sculpture is a facial expression devoid of emotion. Composure is an ideal in good behavior—the ability to be nonchalant at the right moment. "Akeem is blessed with serenity," Kaka says.

This serenity is evident in the bearing of the family's first sportsman, known simply as Oluajuwon, father of Solomon, as seen in a framed photograph that dominates the small front room of the

Oluajuwon home. Mommy Akeem is watching the rock group Abba sing on Lagos' version of MTV. The picture behind her shows Solomon's father, Oluajuwon, with his fellow equestrians from his club in Dahomey (now Benin). The photo was taken, circa 1925, at a festival in Porto Novo. As anyone who can translate Phi Slamma Jamma must know by now, Oluajuwon is the Yoruban word for "always being on top." Grandpa went the family one better in names. Oluajuwon in Yoruban means "honor with no end."

Though Akeem played soccer, his best sport in his early years was team handball. Akeem was a monster in team handball. "Every time I touch the ball," he says, "score." Basketball? Akeem didn't know about basketball. He was eight years old when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Oscar Robertson visited Nigeria on a goodwill tour. When Oluajuwon met Abdul-Jabbar in the Lakers' locker room at the Houston Summit last year, Abdul-Jabbar sang a native song he'd learned in Lagos. But Oluajuwon had to admit he didn't know of Abdul-Jabbar's visit in 1971. Oluajuwon or the parents still don't know much about the game. They have never seen Akeem play. Until last month they

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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued

had never seen a basketball game, period.

"Oh, they know it is a contest of hand and height, not feet," says Kaka. "They know there is a basket up high. They see young Taju come home after playing, drenched, with a ball in his hand. But the comprehension of their son as this master, one of the best who plays, is just dawning. It is for me the same. I did not see my brother play until last June, when I visited him in Houston and watched him practice. Before that, in April, when I saw his picture on the front page of *The Punch* [a Lagos daily newspaper], it was just, oh, brother of mine! Such pride. His celebrity extends to all of us."

Salazar says, "Who knows I am father of Akeem? Nearly the whole world, it seems." And then, a statement the folks in Raleigh, N.C. might dispute: "We are Number One."

Over the years Olujuwon reportedly has been discovered by more people than has Meryl Streep. There was Lewis, who found him on the doorstep at Hofheinz

There was Chris Pond, a former Peace Corps volunteer who was coaching in an international club tournament when he met Olujuwon and sent him to Houston. There was Richard Mills, a San Diegoan and godson of the former boxer Archie Moore, who coached the Nigerian junior team, taught Akeem how to dunk and lobbied to send him to the national men's squad. And there was Oliver B. (OBJ) Johnson, another American, who is the Bwana Joe of Nigerian basketball, having taught the game at the grass roots since the '60s. Despite having settled in as coach at Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria, Johnson still manages the Nigerian national team, as he did when Olujuwon played. "So many people say they discovered Akeem," says Johnson. "I say Akeem discovered himself."

In truth, Lagos State Coach Ganiyu ("Call me Mike") Otenagade was the man who spotted Olujuwon on the dusty soccer field and convinced him to split time between his first love, handball, and

the new game. "I was foretelling all this lovely stuff," Mike says. In 1979 Olujuwon was entrusted to another mentor, Sunday Osagiede, a 6' 1" point guard on the national team who also coached the Lagos State juniors. Osagiede is better known in Nigeria as Sunny Basket—no relation to Yommy Basket but named for approximately the same reason.

"Back then Akeem was more famous for handball," says Sunny Basket. "In the national all-sports festival I had an ambulance waiting to rush Akeem from his handball games to our basketball games so he could help us two ways. He led the scoring in handball and the rebounding in basketball. Lagos State won gold medals in both."

But Olujuwon's destiny was with the Baskets. Soon he was competing in the Lagos club league on the slanted outdoor asphalt court at Rowe Park, where the backboards are tilted and frenetic spectators scream, "Skin tight, brothers." There he came under the tutelage of 6' 7" Ag-

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hello (Uncle P) Pinheiro. According to Uncle P, Olajuwon was "too kind on court with too much respect for the opposition." This is an attitude that the Louisville Cardinals, to pick one aggregation, might find mind-boggling now.

Once, four years ago, the opposing Scorpions punched and elbowed Olajuwon right out of a game. He walked off, flat quit. Uncle P had some harsh words to say about that, and the following year Pinheiro watched as Olajuwon came of age in the All-African Games in Morocco. The 17-year-old Olajuwon didn't start on the national team in the first game, but when Yommy Basket got into foul trouble Olajuwon came in and dominated the boards. Every time he'd make a big play, Olajuwon would run up the court with his finger in the air. "Koko One," the team called him. "Koko One, Koko One," they would shout. "Koko One" is still the cheer at Rowe Park for the Leveaux Club five.

Controversy surrounded Olajuwon on

that trip to North Africa because Johnson did not want him on the national team. Mills, the junior team coach, forced the kid up to the big squad with the support of headquarters back home. Nigeria finished in the middle of the pack that year behind the traditionally strong teams from the Ivory Coast and Senegal and Egypt. Later, in the All-African junior competition, the Nigerian team coached by Mills and led by Olajuwon got the bronze medal.

Last month Nigeria played Liberia in the first of a two-game home-and-home set leading to the All-African Games, where the top two nations will qualify for the Olympics. For several days preceding the big game, in Lagos, the local papers were chock-full of ruminations that Olajuwon was coming to play for the home side. "Our golden boy of world basketball, our great patriot," wrote Ayo Olatelu in *The Punch*. On Oct. 2, Olatelu was ecstatic. "Today he arrives in Nigeria to help the team qualify for Los Angeles."

On Oct. 7, Olatelu despaired: "It may take negotiations at a higher government level to secure his services." Of course, Olajuwon wasn't about to leave Houston.

But ugly hazards scaled the walls of the 7,000-seat National Sports Hall on game day, Oct. 8. The arena, despite being only a decade old, emits an aura of early Paleolithic dark, dingy claustrophobia, homers in waiting. Even three-quarters full, the place was a caterwauling madhouse with stompers and shakers and tambourines and Yoruban talking drums that did not cease beating. The crowd did not shut up. The flags never stopped waving. Villanova-LaSalle had nothing on Liberia-Nigeria. It was wonderful.

The play itself was of midlevel NBA caliber, featuring a lot of walking-up of the ball and sparse defense, but the African game has become much more physical since Olajuwon departed. Players traded swats and bumps and flung one another into the basket supports with abandon. All Africans seem to be able to

continued



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AKEEM THE DREAM

continued

shoot, which makes up for their being unable to catch. The chalkboard scoreboards, windup clock and dingdong bell for time-outs lent a primitive air, but nothing was more bizarre than the hysterical turmoil rampant among the bean trust on the Nigerian bench. Salim Olajuwon, having entered the gym to witness the first basketball game of his life, sat at midcourt, his eyes agog.

The home team protected a lead deep into the second half, but Liberia switched to a half-court trap and rallied for a 62-53 advantage. Suddenly the primary coaches, OBU and Roderick Robinson, Co-Coach Emmanuel Chagu and Mike, none of whom had ultimate authority, were joined by at least half a dozen other state and club mentors—Uncle P, chewing on his stogie, wisely abstained—who gathered at the bench during a time-out and were screaming angrily at the team. Even a woman, Uche Nebedum, a secretary from the basketball office and a former women's coach, bullied her way into the huddle and loudly berated the home squad.

The commotion seemed to have an effect. The good guys tied the game at 78, but Liberia scored with three seconds left to win 80-78. Very few fouls had been called and no dunks were even attempted. "Our people do not have the mind yet to dunk," Yommy Basket had said in Houston. Afterward, Chagu was interviewed. "You could probably tell the problem," he said. "The game is not part of our culture. Emphasize, please, that we need assistance."

Would Olajuwon have made a difference? "You tell me, my friend," said Tunji Fugbemi, the assistant chief director and organizing secretary of the National Sports Commission, who may have more titles than players. "You see, we do not know how good Akeem is because of the time when he left. He was only very tall with potential. Only a twig. We know about him what we hear, and that is all we know. Akeem gave us his word he would come back. We sent him the airplane tickets. But then his college practice was to start, and we understand how Americans take basketball like religion. Akeem must be an oak by now. They say a tree does not make a forest. But do not tell me they are not planting the entire woods around this one." **END**

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Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

A BELEAGUERED YOUNG SANDLOTTER FINALLY HAS HIS MOMENT OF STARDOM

In my near-adequate athletic career, what with rodeoing and track and baseball and a little college football, I had, well-spaced though they were, my few moments of glory. Nothing spectacular, you understand, but, still, enough to stay with you for a lifetime.

So it might seem strange that my greatest moment—and the greatest accolade I ever received as an athlete—came on Dr. Simon's vacant lot in Bay City, Texas in 1946.

I don't know who your heroes were back in the mid-'40s, maybe Sid Luckman or Doc Blanchard or the immortal Frankie Sinkwich, but mine were Al Blaylock and Dee Dee Pollard and Steve Long. I'm talking giants now. Two even played on the high school team.

I was about 12 years old, and, since we played sandlot football all year long, in the off-season I was occasionally afforded the chance to play with them.

The games always ended the same: just about dark, with someone's mother stepping out on the front porch and calling, "Yoo hoo! Charles (or Bill or Mack or Morris), it's time to come in to supper!"

Now we grammar school kids, "small fry," as the big boys called us, didn't always get to play. Sometimes the sides

were even, and we simply stood around on the sidelines hoping we'd somehow get into the game. We played Saturdays and Sundays and a few times after school, but mostly it was those Saturday afternoons when the Big Games occurred. And it was at the end of one of those Big Game days that my greatest moment came.

Getting into a game depended on how uneven the sides were among the high school boys or just how benevolent they were feeling that day. Actually, though, the most dreaded thing was being picked last. When it came to us sideliners, there were few feelings spared. One of the captains would say, "Well, I'll take Fred and Guy. You can have that other kid."

And the other captain would say, "You kidding me? He couldn't catch a pass in a washtub."

"So what, you ain't going to throw to him anyway."

"Yeah, but them two you want might get in somebody's way as blockers."

And when all the arguing was done, somebody might notice you standing there all by yourself and he'd say, "Oh, you can have him."

"Naw, you take him."

And then, when you were the last one picked, you'd run over to your team, your head down, your whole body flushed with shame and embarrassment. That's the way it felt to be the last picked.

Al Blaylock was my special hero for several reasons. One was that he was a starter on the Bay City Black Cats football team. Another was that when he was

a captain in the game on Dr. Simon's lot, he'd see that I wasn't the last one picked.

There was a third reason, too. I had fallen off a garage one time and broken my nose and collarbone. Because of this my mother had expressly forbidden me to go on the roof of our garage or that of any other garage.

Well, what my mother didn't know was that I wasn't playing on the roofs of garages; I was conducting aeronautical research. I was looking for a roof with the perfect slope and enough runway to launch the glider I was building.

And one day it occurred to me that the Blaylock garage might be perfect. It was a shedlike affair with a high front that fell off to a low back and appeared to have enough runway to give me air speed.

But I needed a closer look. So one day I shinned to the top, made some quick calculations that convinced me it would work and then started to get off at the low end. But just as I was sliding over the edge, I slipped and managed to snag a ring that my grandmother had given me on a protruding nail.

And there I hung, about two feet from the ground, unable to pull myself back up enough to get the ring off the nail.

Just then Al came out the back door of his house and immediately saw my trouble. He lifted me up by the legs so I could free myself, set me on the ground and promised never to tell my mother.

And he didn't. You don't forget a thing like that when you're making up your list of heroes.

I don't know exactly how long Dr. Simon's lot was, maybe a hundred yards, but only about 60 yards of that was playable because of the trees at either end. But we used them as goal-line markers, and, as a matter of fact, it was two of those very trees that helped me to make probably the greatest play of my life and win that accolade I've referred to.

The boundary on one side was the curb of the street, so it was a pretty good idea not to get knocked out of bounds there. The other sideline was the demarcation between Dr. Simon's lot and old man Oates's. Simon's lot was always mowed, but Oates's wasn't, so the sideline there was sort of like the difference between fairway and rough.

We didn't have a first-down marker. We usually considered two completed passes in a row, of some vague distance, or a run of an equally arbitrary distance, as constituting a first down.



ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIA CORNELI

continued



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REMINISCENCE *continued*

Or at least it did if you won the inevitable argument.

The day of the play, the play that still sticks out in my memory, began like any other. It was a Saturday, and it was getting late. Once again, even though I was on Al's team, I had been chosen last. Perhaps he'd overlooked me, or perhaps he'd had other things on his mind. But, nevertheless, I'd still had to trot to my team's huddle with my head down and that feeling of third-rateness running through me.

We'd been playing for hours, and dusk was descending. I don't remember what the score was; all I knew was that we needed one more touchdown to win.

We were on about the other team's 10-yard line and had to score on that drive. We were well inside the sun's two-minute warning. In the huddle Al called a pass play, telling his main receivers where he wanted them to go. I didn't get any special instruction.

But I ran out on what I guess you could call a fly pattern, without much expectation of seeing the ball since the big guys seldom threw to us minor-leaguers, certainly never in critical situations.

But as I ran down the right sideline, nearing the goal-line trees, I looked back and saw Al scrambling, frantically looking for an open receiver, any receiver.

It was in that instant that I heard the call. I put on a burst of speed and, using the right-hand goal-line tree, put a perfect pick (and I didn't even know what a pick was then) on my defender and cut left. Just as he was going down, Al saw me and threw.

He'd led me a little too much, but I stretched and stretched and caught the ball on my fingertips. I clutched it to my chest, wrapping my arms around it.

In that second I also ran headlong into the other goal-line tree. It was a sycamore, I think.

When I came to, I was on my back, over the goal line, still holding the ball.

Somebody on my team said, "Hell, we win."

I heard that, but what I really remember was that as we were walking off the field, Al Blaylock put his arm around me and said, "Well, boy, after that catch I don't think you'll ever have to worry about being picked last again."

My supreme moment.

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WINNING BEAUTY (CONT.)

Sir

Thank you for printing Cliff Green's letter and a picture of me as a UCLA song girl in 19th Hole (May 30). It was a nice gesture. If possible, would you send me Green's address so I can send him a word of thanks? I appreciate your pleasant surprise. Also, I thought you might like this more up-to-date picture of me.

JILL HAYES
Miss U.S.A. 1983



Former UCLA song girl Hayes as she looks now.

VIOLENCE

Sir

I applaud NHL Referee Dave Newell for having the guts to take definitive action in the form of a 20-game suspension of Chicago Black Hawk Tom Lysak to help curb the spread of violence in the league (*Lipstick On a Lipsticking*, Nov. 14). Violence doesn't belong in the NHL or in any other professional sport. If players insist on abusing officials and opponents, then they should have to pay the price. After all, in most occupations, behavior such as Lysak's would not be tolerated and probably would result in the offender losing his job.

JUNE E. COOLEY
San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

There can be no question that Tom Lysak's punishment was fair and justifiable. If the referees are not protected from the attacks of players, the game will surely degenerate to an even lower level of violence. The officials do occasionally make mistakes, and perhaps Linesman Ron Foyt was mistaken in throwing Lysak out of the face-off circle. However, that does not justify Lysak's reaction. Players have to get used to the idea that the referee's word goes and that evaluation of referees should be left to the league, not to the individual whims of hot-headed players. How would Lysak feel if players were paid on the same level as the refs and also subjected to physical abuse from fans each time they muffed a play?

SANDY FOKTER
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir

As a resident of the Chicago suburb of Evanston, Ill., I saw televised highlights of Tom Lysak tripping Linesman Ron Foyt before you printed your article. I agree with Bob Verdi and Jerry Karshenbaum on two things. The tripping was intentional and it deserved punishment. But not suspension for 20 games as called for by the NHL rule book. Lysak is a fine hockey player, one of my favorites on the Black Hawks. I always believed he had great self-control and good judgment, and I still do. It is very frustrating for any center to get kicked out of as many face-offs as Lysak was that night. He should be punished, and I don't know what a fair punishment would be, but 20 games is just too much.

ETHAN WEISS
Evanston, Ill.

BASKETBALL

Sir

In response to Anthony Conson's article *When Push Comes to Shove* in the NBA (Nov. 14), I feel that with the regular referees locked out, it would be best to alter the name

of the game to basketball. There is no such thing as a slight altercation in this game. To be struck by one of the Goliaths of the NBA must be similar to being in a head-on collision with an Amtrak train. I sincerely hope that if and when an agreement is negotiated with the "real" referees, the brutality of today's NBA will diminish.

ANDY ROBBIN
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir:

Anthony Conson did a fine job in printing out the stupid little mistakes that have been made by the substitute refs. He showed just how much the regular refs do and how much the NBA needs them.

BILL SEYSSMA
De Motte, Ind.

Sir

I disagree with Anthony Conson's conclusion that recent NBA fights are being caused by the use of substitute referees. The regular referees were working when Kermit Washington rearranged the face of Rudy Tomjanovich, when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar decked Kent Benson, when Tree Rollins took a bite out of Danny Ainge's hand and when Willis Reed took on the entire Los Angeles Laker bench. The list could go on and on.

JOHN B. WOLF
South River, N.J.

MIXED RESPONSE

Sir

Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick for the fantastic article on the World Mixed Doubles tennis championship (*A Totally Mixed-Up Affair*, Nov. 14). I was interested in the event because I had heard that Chris Evert Lloyd and Jimmy Connors would be starring. However, it was hardly covered by our local media. Thanks for taking me there!

STEVEN G. WINKLER
Southfield, Mich.

Sir

While giving us an informative synopsis of the mixed doubles championship, Curry Kirkpatrick revealed his sense of humor in his analytical-satirical approach. Rarely have I laughed harder at any sports-related writing.

BEN TRAKHTMAN
Fullerton, Calif.

Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick's story on the doubles championship was an example of smart-aleck writing at its worst.

WILLIAM CHAPIN
Somers, Calif.

TREYIAK

Sir

E.M. Swift's article on the superb Soviet goalie, Vladimir Tretiak (*An Army Man*) continued



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19TH HOLE (continued)

the Core, Nov. 14), was another fine piece of SI journalism. Our political and athletic relationship with the U.S.S.R. may not be the best, but I have to admit that Treiask is probably the best goalie ever. Treiask is also quite a man, with many accomplishments and, most likely, more to come. Let's just keep him from winning the gold this winter.

GUY KARBIGAN
Mount Prospect, Ill.

Sir:

Has SI gone pinko on us? What in the world are you doing putting a Commie in your magazine? I think I speak for all Americans when I say I don't want to see red with-out white and blue.

RANDY VARNER
Mifflin, Pa.

ROOKIES

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman has come through again, with a superb article on this year's NFL rookie crop, which I think is the best ever (*The Class of Their Class*, Nov. 14). But I believe he left out one rookie who deserves to be mentioned. A ninth-round pick out of Michigan, Ali Hay-Sheikh of the Giants beat out veteran placekicker Joe Danelo and, so far, has moved only three of 26 field goals, one of which was a 46-yard attempt. He has set an NFL record of sorts by kicking two field goals of better than 55 yards this season—both were 56 yarders. In my opinion the Sheikh's accomplishments are exceeded only by those of Curt Warner and Eric Dickerson. Well, maybe Dan Marino, too.

JOE PINARO
Newark, N.J.

Sir:

Thanks for your article on the rookies. I was pleased when Miami picked Dan Marino. He has sparked the Dolphin offense, and the team has shown signs of playing like last year's. You know what has been said about the Dolphins: "The last time they lost a Super Bowl, they came back and won two!" I think that this will happen again.

DAVID NEULICH
Livingston, N.J.

Sir:

I was surprised to see Paul Zimmerman rate the 1984 draft crop "as good as 1983's" in the box that accompanied his article on rookies. In the main story he seemed to indicate that the 1984 crop wouldn't be as good.

HARVEY NATHAN
New York City

• Zimmerman feels that the 1984 draft prospects are not as good as those of 1983. The word "not" was dropped in the processing of the story.—ED

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